

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

MAY 1989

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N

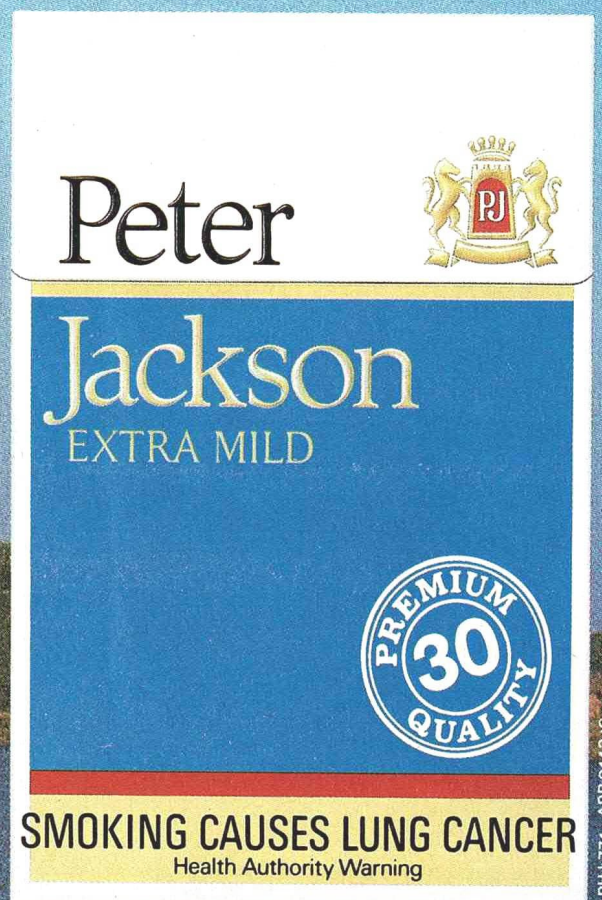
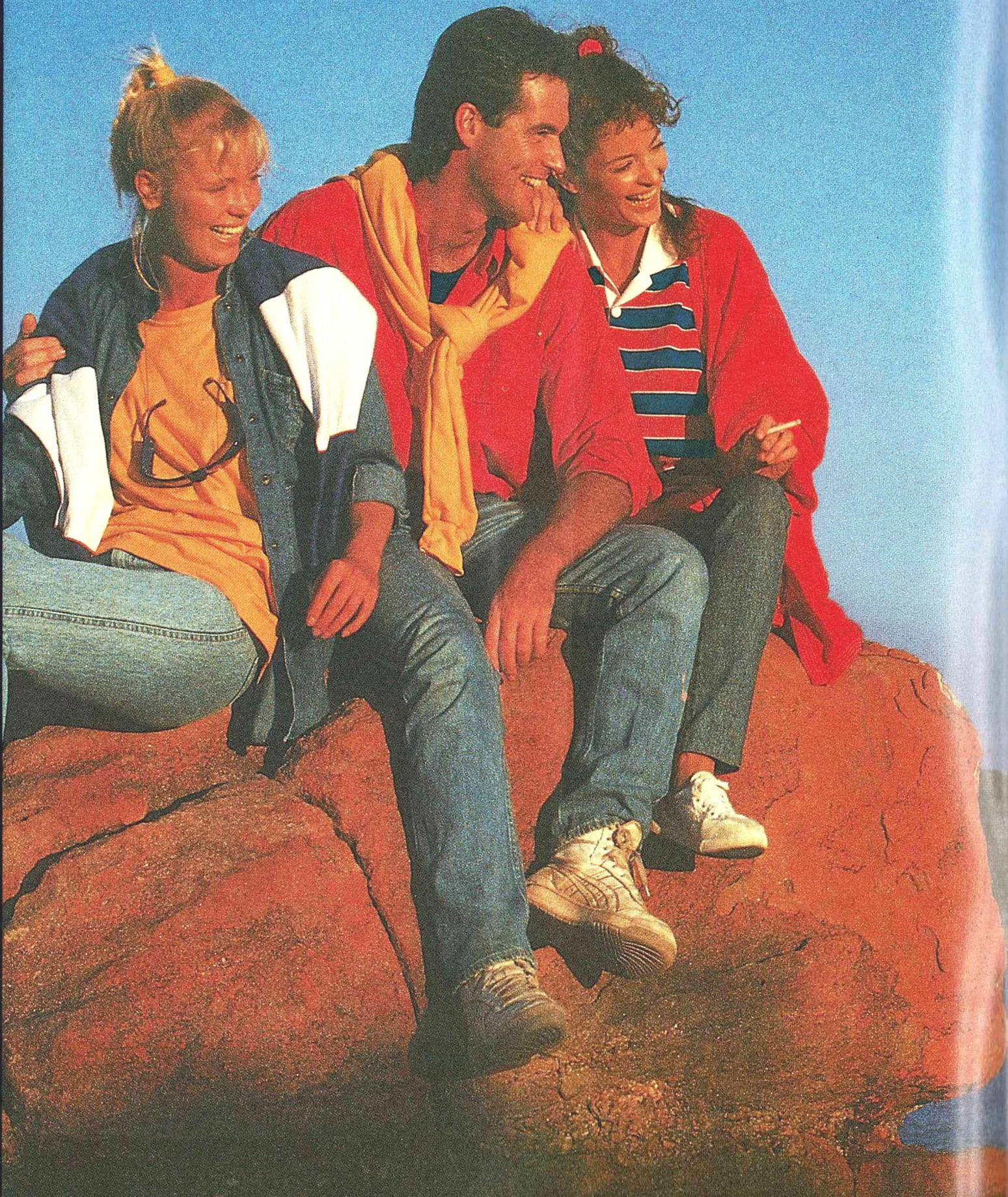


CHINESE LOVE POTIONS:
BOOST YOUR LIBIDO

F O R S U B S C R I B E R S O N L Y

Peter Jackson 30's

You're laughing!



Australia's best value cigarette.

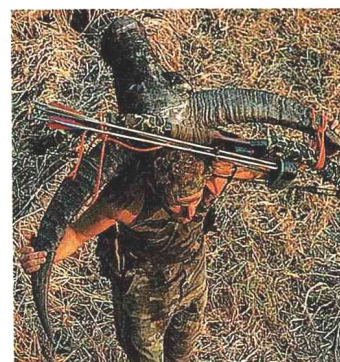
Australian PENTHOUSE

Black Label Edition

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 10 No 5/May 1989



Chinese Love Potions



Head Hunters



Chain Male



Pet Of The Month

REGULARS

CONTENTS	PAGE
COVER	By Nick Brokensha
HOUSECALL	4
FEEDBACK	6
FORUM	9
SOUNDS	Edited by Jeremy Cook 137
FILM	Edited by C.J. Mackay 139
LOOSE ENDS	Edited by C.J. Mackay & Graem Sims 140

SINS

ANGER	Opinion by Greg Hunter	17
AVARICE	Finance by David Quicksilver	18
GLUTTONY	Food & Liquor by Elisabeth King	21
VANITY	Fashion by Jean Norman	23
SLOTH	Travel by Elisabeth King	24
ENVY	Opinion by C.J. Mackay	28

FEATURES

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION	Dick Wordley	34
HEAD HUNTERS	Wayne Miles	46
WALLY LEWIS INTERVIEW PART 2	Greg Hunter	52
THE END OF MANKIND	Humor by Colin Bowles	56
CHINESE LOVE POTIONS	Chan Keng Siew	74
CHAIN MALE	Fiction by Roger Raftery	86
YEN FOR LUXURY	Motoring by Peter McKay	102

PICTORIALS

A LA MODE/STEPHANIE	John Copeland	40
ANGEL/ANGIE	Nick Brokensha	59
WATER SPORTS	John David	80
THE HUNGER/SHIRLEY	Stephen Hicks	92
CULTURE SHOCK/PHUC	Thawich Chun	116
ENCOUNTER SESSIONS/NATALIE	Hank Londoner	128

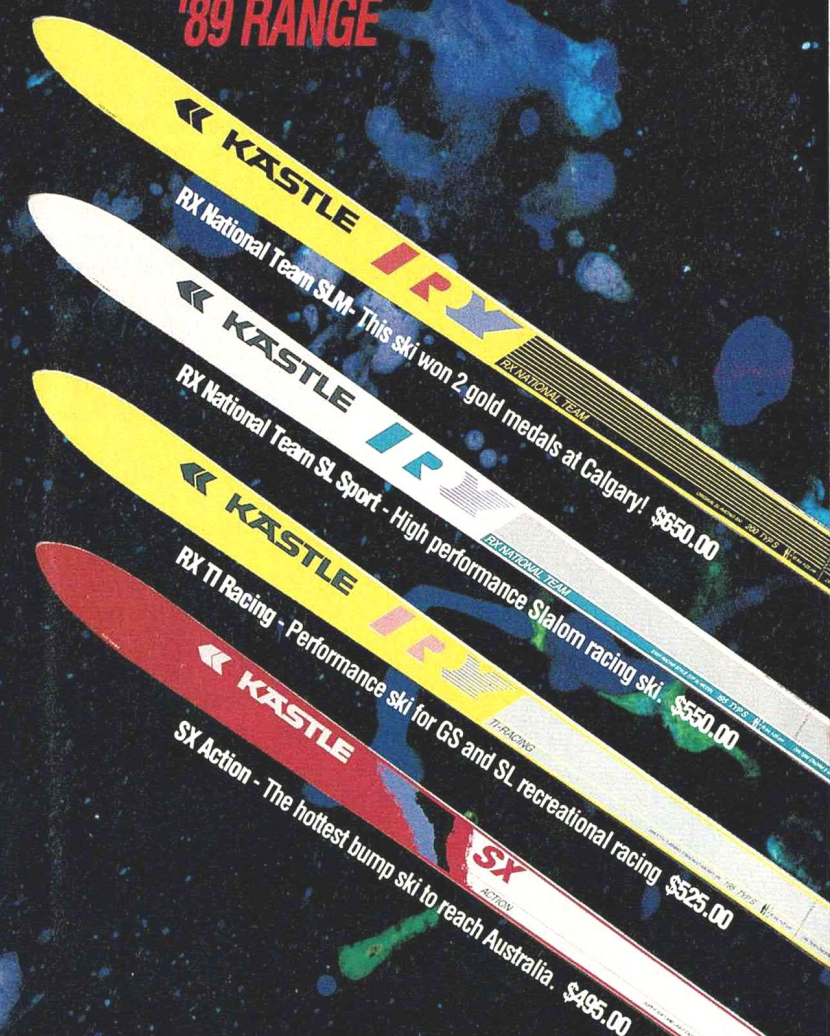
Australian and New Zealand Editorial Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Advertising Office: Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Telex AA27833. Facsimile (02) 922 6284. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts or photo submissions. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0158-0655.

*Recommended price only

THE LEADING EDGE

Speed.
Edgehold.
Precision.
Kastle puts you in total control,
because Kastle leads the way
in technology - in design
- in materials. Cruising the
slopes or racing the clock,
you expect performance.
You get edgeholding
- response - results.
Kastle delivers.
Four gold medals at the
Calgary Olympics
continues Kastle's winning
tradition - a tradition that
generates winners
- winners at all levels.
Kastle's Digital Construction
System ensures the
right ski for you.
Fully imported from Austria.
Kastle lets you enjoy speed,
easy turning and quick
edge to edge response.
The choice of champions.
Kastle gives you
the leading edge.

'89 RANGE



Available from leading stockists.

BYRNE & STEWART KAS006 1555

Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

EDITOR

Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL

Art Director: Mark Thacker; Senior Editors: Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter; Copy Editor: Graem Sims; Assistant Art Directors: Mark Renton, Nikki Brady; Production Controller: Brett Fuller; Motoring Editor: Peter McKay; Contributing Editors: Frank Robson, Dr Geoffrey E. Smith, Jeremy Cook; Office Manager: Annette Crowe; Photographic Director: Susan Daub; Typesetting: Love Computer Typesetting.

ADVERTISING

Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; NSW Advertising Manager: Sarah Bowring; Advertising Traffic Manager: Cynthia Ragga; Vic: Bob Gaff, Brown Orr Fletcher Burrows P/L, 95 Palmerston Crescent, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 696 5188 Fax: (03) 696 5131; SA: Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel: (08) 373 1142; Qld: Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies Pty Ltd, PO Box 247, Kenmore 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6813 — Fax: (07) 202 7133; Japan: Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 666 3036 — Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ)

PUBLISHERS

Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

ADVERTISING OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Telex AA, 27833. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD

(US edition)

Bob Guccione (Chairman); Kathy Keeton (Vice-chairman); David J. Myerson (Chief Operating Officer); Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer); John Evans (Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions)

EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; Art Director International: Joe Brooks; Managing Editor: Robert Sabat; Executive Editor: Peter Bloch; Graphics Director: Frank DeVino

ADMINISTRATIVE

Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; Executive Vice President: David J. Myerson; Senior Vice President/Production Director: John Evans; Senior Vice President/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; Foreign Editions Manager: Linda Quinn.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel: (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024. Tel: (213) 824-9831.

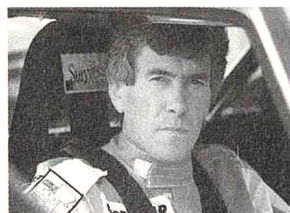
FOREIGN EDITIONS

Brazil: Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411 Curitiba; Germany: Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; Japan: Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; Spain: Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104 Barcelona; United Kingdom: Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England.

MAY



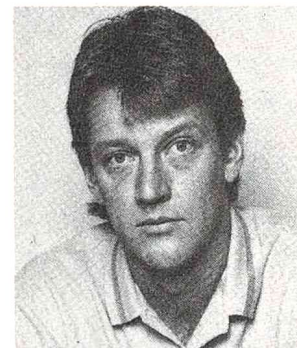
DICK WORDLEY



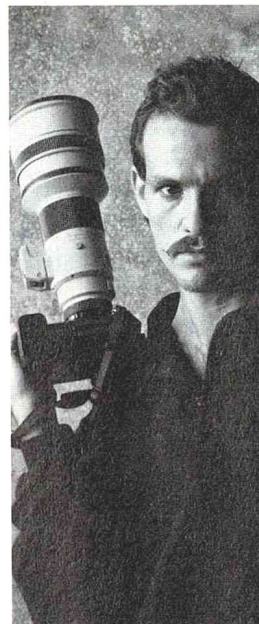
PETER MCKAY



NIGEL BUCHANAN



GREG HUNTER



WAYNE MILES

HOUSECALL

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION

The National Crime Authority's star witness in the prosecution of Australia's most corrupt cop was more than a handful for the dozens of armed minders assigned to protect him from the clutches of the Syndicate. Dick Wordley presents the exclusive story of the supergrass who broke all the rules and still somehow lived to tell the tale that led to the conviction of former Chief Inspector Barry Moyse. Nigel Buchanan's illustration is on page 34.

HEAD HUNTERS

Very few men dare to hunt wild buffalo with a bow and arrow. It's a thrill kill that can easily go the other way. Photographer Wayne Miles captured the action of a pig and buffalo hunt deep in the Northern Territory wilderness. Turn to page 46.

WALLY LEWIS INTERVIEW PART 2

Last month the Australian Rugby League captain talked football. In the second and final instalment of the interview with Senior Editor Greg Hunter, "King Wally" cuts loose on a diverse range of subjects including politics, gamesmanship, Bob Hawke, the Phantom, and what it's like to be the most famous person in the Sunshine State. The man's candor and wit make him a great subject. Turn to page 52.

THE END OF MANKIND

By taking the dick out of dictionary, the Office of the Status of Women (sorry, Wopersons) is determined to ensure that none of us knows whether we're Arthur or Martha. If you're wondering where it will all end, humorist Colin Bowles presents a

sneak preview on page 56. The illustration was created by Jon Berkeley.

CHINESE LOVE POTIONS

Ever wondered why there are more Chinese in the world than any other race? It's got nothing to do with sexual permissiveness, so maybe it's the hundreds of natural substances the Chinese have been using to activate the "jade stem" since time immemorial. Most of these exotic aphrodisiacs can be purchased in Australia and a large-part of the clientele are Westerners. Chan Keng Siew describes the most important remedies and their uses on page 74, with an accompanying illustration by Gordon Fitchett and photos shot by Elio Loccisano.

CHAIN MALE

It's funny about women — it never rains but it pours. And when it's pouring so hard you have to take them on two at a time all day until you're coughing up fur balls like a cat, life seems not worth living. How did that happen to an ordinary Australian male? Roger Raftery's outlandish fiction piece starts on page 86 with an illustration by Charles Kenway.

YEN FOR LUXURY

At last, after decades of producing good, serviceable cars in the lower and middle range, the Japanese have set their sights firmly on the top end, moving breathtakingly close to matching the quality of Mercedes-Benz, BMW and Jaguar. Motoring Editor Peter McKay previews Toyota's Lexus and Nissan's Infiniti — cars that will have the Europeans shaking in their boots. Turn to page 102. ☐

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

JONATHAN CHESTER

HOME: Sydney.

AGE: 37.

PROFESSION: Photo Journalist, Antarctic expert, mountaineer.

HOBBY: Scuba diving. "It's called going to extremes."

LAST BOOK READ: "Up Mount Everest Without A Paddle", Derek Nimmo.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT:

Climbing 4,163m Mt. Minto in Antarctica. "Wind chill - 60°C. It's moments like these you're glad you've packed your thermal underwear."

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "When you're on top of the world your bank manager is a long way away."

QUOTE: "By risking a little you live a lot."

PROFILE: Courageous, self-reliant with a simultaneous respect and fascination with danger.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's. "It's the only form in which I really enjoy ice."



PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Lange's bleak cloud

As a "white" Kiwi, I read *Land Of The Long Black Cloud* (December and January *Penthouse*) with interest. I left NZ nearly 12 months ago, not because of the Long Black Cloud, but because of the Lange Bleak Cloud.

I take issue with the statement made by Dr Rangi Walker that Maori people have inhabited NZ for thousands of years. Come on, Dr Walker. My college history taught me that they have only been there for around a thousand years. And who did these people take NZ away from? Maori people seem to conveniently forget that there was a race of people inhabiting "Aotearoa" (NZ) before Dr Walker's ancestors arrived, but they were rounded up and eaten.

Maybe my ancestors should have done the same thing when they arrived. It may have saved us a few problems now and in the next 20 to 30 years. — *Pakeha K.J., address withheld by request*

Bloopers

I would like to congratulate you on the fine presentation of *Penthouse* Bloopers. Great magazine. Carry on the excellent work. — *Barry Miller, Blenheim, NZ*

Woman I love

In your February edition you featured 49 Women We Love And Hate. If you ask me, you could easily have rounded it out to 50 simply by running another shot of your centrefold Kathy Quinn as a woman we love. Well, at least a woman I'd love to love. — *Tim Barton, Sydney, NSW*

The New Wave

Greg Hunter's article *The New Wave* (November *Penthouse*) asked the question, "Are jet skis the future of surfing?" I certainly hope not, having recently had a few days' holiday at a reasonably remote beach house on the south coast of WA ruined by the noise of three jet skis.

I, for one, hope that they are banned from swimming and windsurfing/surfing areas and given all the ocean they need far away from the general beach-going public. Perhaps somewhere south of Tasmania?

One of the machines was so noisy (it could be heard from the house) that I asked the owner if it was defective and suggested it should be returned to the



Kathy Quinn

supplier for repairs. His reply: "Hell no, mate. We've 'fixed' the muffler and now it really goes!"

The jet ski gets my vote for the most useless toy of the 20th Century. As for the thrills described, I suggest a wave jumper, 20 to 30 knots of wind, a dollop of nerve and a good stirring of skill — with no need to fire up yet another petrol engine to thrill only the most jaded palates. — *N. Wallis-Smith, East Fremantle, WA*

Project Kathleen

I am an occasional freelance writer, mainly to outdoor magazines. As you know it is very necessary for writers to buy magazines. I bought a January 1989 copy of *Penthouse* Limited Edition the other day.

I don't know if you will get anything from me yet but I hope that I will be able to figure an angle out sometime. The problem is I cannot get beyond that fabulous woman Kathleen Summers.

I am not some beardless boy and am certainly not prey to pretty faces (or other things pertaining) but I think that I am

going to have to remove her pictures from the mag if I want to get any further with the project.

You may pass this to her if you want, as few of us get enough praise in today's world, but if you print it please don't put my name and address on it — I feel a big enough fool writing this anyway. — *Name and address withheld*

Christmas tear

Merry Christmas. Well, merry for some, anyway. You see, I was burgled. After subscribing to *Penthouse* for more than three years, this is the first time someone has had to steal from me to get their hands on them. Usually I let anyone borrow them, as long as they're returned. But no. You see, not only did they take my CD, TV and microwave oven, they also took the last five months of *Black Label Penthouse* I had by my bed.

Gone are Isabel Monroe (August 88), Bridget Bloxsom (September 88), Rachel Byrne (October 88), Dominique (November 88) and Terri Bowie (December 88).

My consolation is that although I had not read all the articles, I had seen the girls. And secondly, my January edition arrived on the door step the following Tuesday to ease the pain of my loss.

However, as I look at my bookshelf, and see over 40 continuous copies of *Penthouse* sitting there, I can't help feeling that it just isn't right to leave them incomplete.

Keep up the great work. — *Darren Woolley, Brunswick, Vic*

Warm front

Well, *Penthouse*, that is the understatement of the year. Julie Kruis (January *Penthouse*) is hot, very hot. If she was like weather, as your story suggests, we'd all be wiped out. Earth would be a wasteland. I'm surprised you got those photos without the lenses melting, or did they?

When I opened up to page 128 I almost choked. Julie is the most beautiful, stunning and exciting woman I have ever seen and probably ever will see in my lifetime. I would love to see more of her in the future. On a scale of one to ten I'd give Julie . . . well I don't think that number has been thought of yet and I don't think we'll ever get that high.

Well thanks *Penthouse* and a very special thanks to Julie. — *S. Smithson, Gunnedah, NSW* ☺

WITH OVER 3000 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE, YOU LEARN A FEW THINGS...



THIS CONFERENCE, BREAK WITH CONVENTION.

The world's most idyllic country is also one of the world's most ideal convention destinations. A 5000 year old blending of warm hospitable people, unparalleled cultural and historic tradition, the magical beauty of its 1400 islands and ultra modern accommodation convention venues and facilities,

makes Greece the affordable alternative. When it comes time to plan your next convention, conference or seminar, consider Greece.

We have all the facts and figures. Call us now for brochures, package rates and information.

A WISE CHOICE



THE
GREEK
NATIONAL
TOURIST ORGANISATION

51 PITT STREET, SYDNEY NSW 2000
TELEPHONE (02) 241 1663 TELEX 25209





HOW DO YOU FEEL?

APB8147-A

PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Australian Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Wrestlemania

It was 1am and we'd been drinking since six. I had a gut full of Moet and a head full of Ronnie Coote and so did Sally.

This was the first time we'd been out together, but I had great expectations. I'd inherited Sally from my friend Gary, who'd gone overseas. All he'd said on his departure was, "Mate — she goes off!" Sally was a pert and petite English girl with a spark in her eye and a compact little body with a butt that wiggled like it was trying to escape from its packaging — a hip hugging mini-skirt.

The party was in full swing and we were off our faces. The only part of us that was functioning properly was our libidos.

I grabbed Sally by the cheeks of her arse and pulled her hard against me. "How do you like to fuck?" I slurred.

"I like doing it doggy style," she replied, "and I like it rough." I could tell the alcohol was making her honest.

I pushed her through the crowd and down the driveway to my car. Stuff RBT, we were home before we knew it.

There was a bottle of Stolly in the freezer and I'd rolled a couple of hot ones with some prime North Coast heads before we'd gone out.

I showed Sally the door to my bedroom and then ducked into the ensuite bathroom for a leak. It was when I came out that things got weird. She was naked, huddled in the corner of my big double bed.

She wrapped her hands around her ankles and drew her knees to her chest saying, "You're not going to hurt me, are you?" I knew she wanted a reply in the affirmative.

It wasn't hard to play her game. "Only if I have to," I said, moving menacingly towards her. Sally caught me by surprise. She lashed out suddenly. Her knee came up, and I got it right in the balls. She laughed crazily as bone made contact with flesh.

I snapped, and gave her a backhander across the mouth just hard enough to let her know I meant business. Despite the pain in my nuts from Sally's blow I had developed a raging fat and I could tell that

she was really turned on as we started to go at each other like Hulk Hogan and Andre The Giant on the sweat-soaked sheets.

For a while there, even though she was only pint-sized, Sally almost got the better of me. But I soon had her on her back, straddling her chest with her arms pinned and my hard-on only inches away from her mouth.

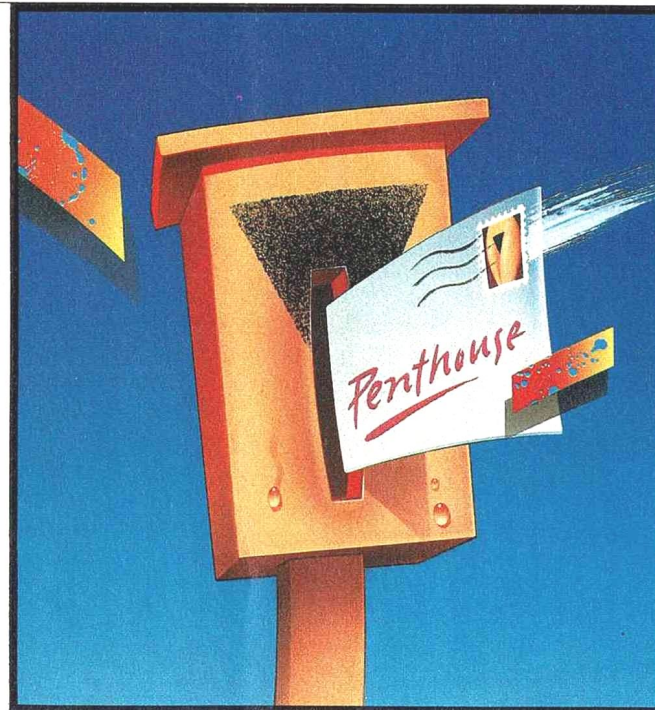
She suddenly became soft and compliant and lifted her head to suck my meat. It was glorious. After a few minutes I had to hump her, at first trying to enter her from the missionary position. But she wouldn't be in it.

She rolled over and insisted I enter her from behind, getting agitated again and taunting me to "really fuck her" and "show me what kind of man you are. Give it to me good!"

Pretty soon I was up to my nuts in guts. Sally went berserk, bucking like a rodeo bull. She started to wail and scream and when some of the local dogs began to bark I warned that the neighbors might get concerned and come over so I put my hand over her mouth.

That really set her off and we got involved in another serious wrestling bout which ended with her sucking my cock again while I finger-fucked her fuming twat.

By now the alcohol, coke and ganja



were spinning us out and we were getting brutally delirious. I remember giving it to Sally every way possible and her going down on me with the blind fervor of a starving baby at the tit. Then I passed out.

When I woke, Sally was lying comatose beside me with blood and spittle drooling out of her gaping mouth. For a moment I thought I might have snuffed her, but then she blinked and grunted like a hog.

I moved and felt a searing pain on my cock. It hurt like crazy. I looked down to see it was covered with open wounds which were stuck to the sheet. It looked like I'd been screwing a cheese grater. While I was anaesthetised the bitch had used her teeth! I had to take the sheets into the bathroom and soak them off my dick in the

sink.

Sally was a mess. She had a fat lip and bruises all over her arms and thighs, as well as a blackened eye and a strained wrist. Once again she was gentle, kissing my raw, bleeding knob and holding it in her hand as tenderly as if it was an injured bird.

I drove Sally home around midday. Admittedly we were almost too hung-over to talk. But we agreed to get together and do it again as soon as our wounds had healed. — *Name and address withheld*

Head

I am, and have been for quite a while, an avid reader of your excellent magazine. I must admit that I was doubtful of the validity of some of the letters that appear from readers; however, I am now fully aware that these incidents do occur — through practical experiences.

I am 39 years of age and have been married for 20 years to my wife Pam, who has just turned 40 years of age. Pam is still very attractive with a tanned, slender body (shapely long legs and excellent breasts). We have spoken many times on the change (supposed) of sexual behavior that is now noticeable and regularly fantasise about threesomes, group sex and voyeurism. We did try a threesome 12 years ago but found it not so enjoyable due to the other male wanting all the ac-

FORUM

tion. Since then we have enjoyed each other's bodies through straight sex, the use of sexual aids and scented oils and fantasy. Until recently.

Approximately five months ago we had our friends Helen and Dave over for dinner and drinks. We played Trivial Pursuit for a while. Then, after some more excellent wine, we got more daring and brought out a game I had inherited from my devious brother. The game is like a form of Sexual Monopoly where instead of monetary gains or losses for Chance cards you get a sexual bonus (or penalty). Things started off slowly with a few minor penalties including removing articles of clothing from players on your left or right as directed by the cards, kissing parts of the anatomy (not too risky) and sucking parts of the anatomy. After about an hour of this slow stripping etc and drinking more and more wine we had a small break. Dave was down to his underpants (with a raging horn), Helen was in her skirt still but wearing only a red bra on top, I was down to underpants and shirt and Pam was down to panties with breasts exposed (and equally aroused).

We had a discussion, due to some hesitation by us to go any further (because of possible repercussions), and then continued on the basis that there would be no

actual intercourse (penile penetration) between opposite couples. Well ... the game certainly warmed up. During the next three hours we had all discarded our clothing and had witnessed the following acts: Pam and Helen had oil (baby oil with Essence of Rose French perfume concentrate mixed in) smeared over their breasts and slowly rubbed them together; Dave got to insert his big toe into Pam's vagina (really got the juices running); Helen got to place a large, dark "hickie" on Pam's left breast; I got to lick and softly bite Helen around the vagina and upper legs; and Pam, after some hesitation, got to take Dave into another room (wouldn't do it in the open) and masturbated him to orgasm. (When they returned his cock was flaccid and shining and Pam had spunk over her left breast and down the side of her stomach and outer thighs).

We sat around for another half hour drinking some coffee and cognac, not wishing to go any further in case things got out of hand. I was kissing Pam and playing with her breasts and Dave was laying on the floor with his head on Helen's thighs (drawing in the aroma of her sex juices) while she fondled his cock. The evening ended soon as we were all keen to get to bed and enjoy our respective wives' bodies.

In bed we discussed the evening and Pam told me that while she was masturbating Dave he was playing with

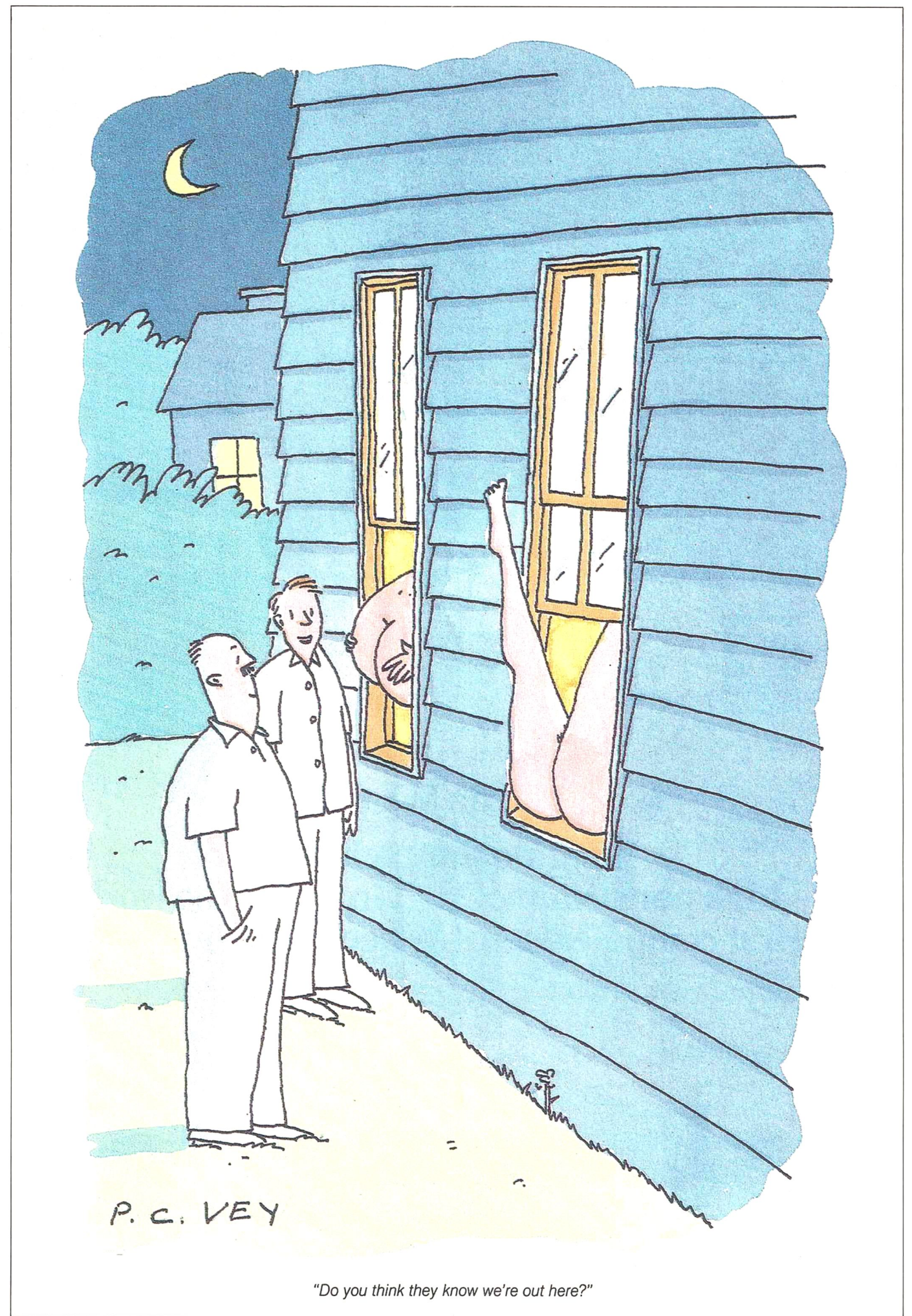
her breasts and had inserted his fingers into her vagina, working them in and out. She claimed she wanted to screw him then and there but didn't because of our pact not to screw that night. She did say she was interested at a later date, yet wasn't interested in a lesbian or bi-sexual encounter.

The next morning things were pretty quiet with some apprehension over what had occurred the night before. Pam was a little upset at stripping off in front of friends and engaging (and enjoying) light sexual activity in front of people. I comforted her and explained that the human body is for gratification and should be enjoyed when and where possible.

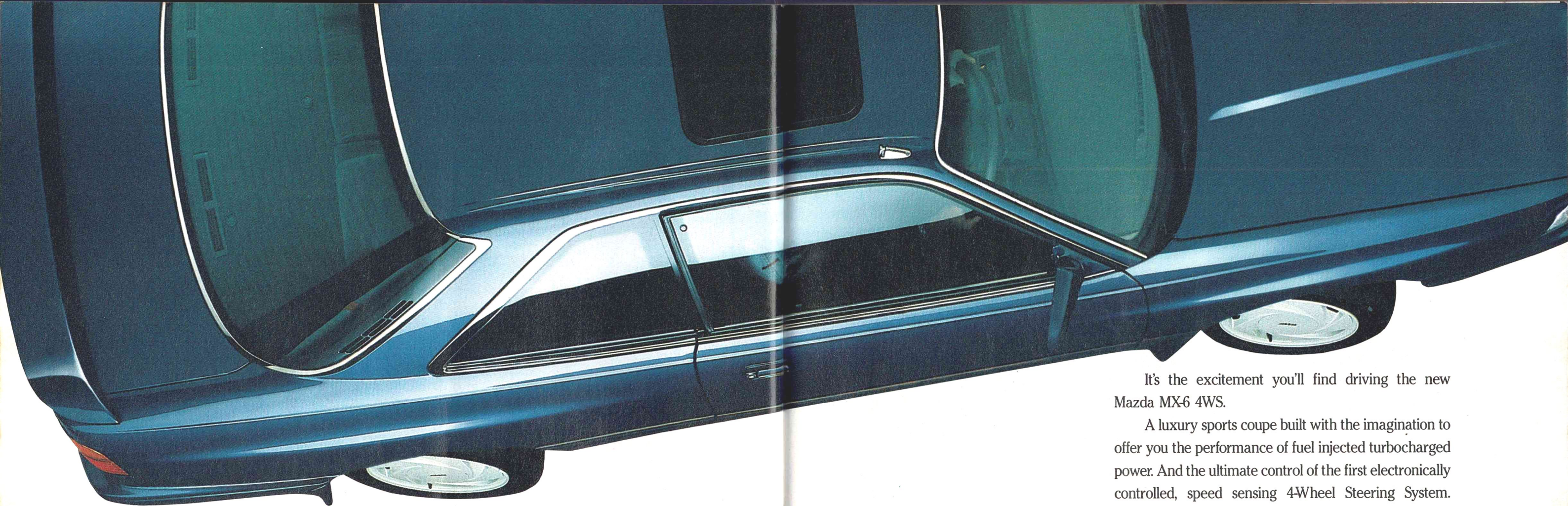
About a month later we had Boris staying with us for a few days. He is considerably younger than us (24 years old) but has been a friend of the family for about eight years after being friendly with our teenage children in Sydney. After dinner on his second night he was telling us about he and his girlfriend being involved in a sex party in the western suburbs of Sydney and how they had relived their experiences time and time again. Pam had had a bit to drink and related our experience with Dave and Helen. We went out to a party at some friends' place and after returning home had a night-cap and went to bed.

I awoke about 3am wanting to go to the kitchen for a drink as I was really parched from the excess alcohol. Pam wasn't in bed, however. I assumed she had gone to the bathroom. In the kitchen I poured myself a glass of water from the tap and started to drink it, looking out the window at the same time. I nearly dropped the glass at what I saw. Pam and Boris were outside in the backyard, leaning against the garage wall. In the night light I could see Pam against the wall squeezing and rubbing her breasts while Boris was on his knees licking at her vagina. I broke into a cold sweat as I watched Pam pull Boris to his feet and guide his cock into her love tunnel. After about five minutes one or both reached a climax and they separated. I bolted for the bedroom.

Ten minutes later Pam came back to bed and began massaging my cock before orally loving me to the hardest erection I've experienced (not that she needed to do much after my voyeurism). I rolled her on to her back and slipped into her warm, wet vagina. It was the most fantastic feeling entering a used vagina, pushing another man's spunk out with each thrust. I didn't let on that I had noticed her and Boris, not that I needed to as Pam raised the subject. She said that after they had been out there for some time she had heard the water tap go on and knew that I was in the kitchen. She decided that it was time we lived out one of our fantasies and proceeded to screw the fit, young man, knowing I was probably watching. She culminated the night's viewing by letting me



"Do you think they know we're out here?"



Mazda MX-6 4WS

**Imagine the excitement of
high performance driving with the world's
first computerised 4-Wheel Steering System.**

We have.

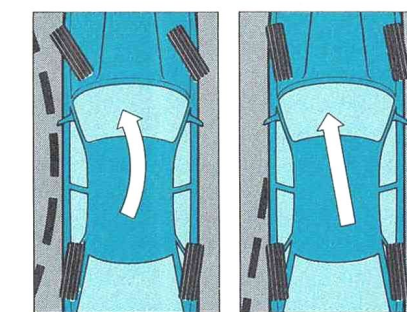


It's the excitement you'll find driving the new Mazda MX-6 4WS.

A luxury sports coupe built with the imagination to offer you the performance of fuel injected turbocharged power. And the ultimate control of the first electronically controlled, speed sensing 4-Wheel Steering System. It's the most advanced steering system in the world.

In response to steering and speed changes, the rear wheels are electronically controlled so all four wheels are turning with you. This gives you remarkable handling. Not just in better low speed manoeuvrability but greater high speed stability too. It is the ultimate in driving excitement.

Like every Mazda, the new Mazda MX-6 4WS is designed and built with a commitment to unrivalled quality.



Low speed wheel direction High speed wheel direction

The kind of quality that makes this luxury sports coupe a pure pleasure to own and to drive.

The angle of the rear wheels in both photograph and illustration have been increased for demonstration purposes.

mazda

Unrivalled quality Pure pleasure

3 year/60,000 kilometre warranty available on Mazda 121, 323, 626, MX-6, 929 and RX7 models only. Mazda products are distributed throughout Australia by Mazda Australia Pty. Limited. The specifications, equipment and features are not necessarily available on all models. For all sales and service see your nearest Mazda dealer.

FORUM

screw her with Boris' white sperm still trapped inside her.

The next night was Boris' last night with us so we took him out to dinner and a club. During the evening I noticed them on the dance floor, in a corner, with Boris feeling Pam's unbridled breasts through the opening in her blouse and Pam rubbing his cock through the front of his trousers. After the dance I got Pam alone and asked her what the score was with Boris, remembering the night before. She told me that the conversation about our sex games had made him interested and he had seduced her at the party that night. Obviously it had turned me on so she had decided to make the most of it. When we returned home I feigned a head-ache and pretended to take a sleeping pill and went to bed. Pam came in soon after and informed me that she was going to spend the night with Boris and screw his young arse off. I made her promise to leave his door open so that I could enjoy the action as well. Through the next four hours they must have screwed in every imaginable position, enjoyed oral sex three times and caressed every part of their bodies. I ejaculated once without having to stroke my penis.

After Boris had left Pam had a shower and came to bed. She was way too sore to screw so she gave me an excellent blowjob as consolation.

We capped off an exciting and adventurous five months on our trip to Sydney when we stayed overnight at Armidale. We had been driving for quite some time so we booked into a motel with a restaurant and bar included. We showered and dressed before dining. Pam looked excellent in a black one-piece suit that buttoned all the way up the front with the buttons starting halfway up the thigh, leaving a lovely split to display her legs. To complement it she wore stockings with a seam up the back and black patent high-heel shoes. She looked stunning. After the dinner we went to the bar where atmosphere was supplied by a piano player and some taped music. We had several drinks before striking up a conversation with the barman, a nice guy of about 30 years of age. While he was busy serving another customer I asked Pam to stir him up a bit by leaning forward when talking to him so he could see down the front of her dress to her nipples. This certainly had an effect on him. He even bought us a couple of rounds of drinks.

Soon Pam got more daring and, going to the toilet, removed her panties. When she returned she really upset his libido by alternatively showing her breasts and rapidly moistening love box. This really set him off and when it came to his rest break he came to our side of the bar and had some drinks and conversation with us. I deliberately spilt my drink over my

trousers and excused myself, saying I needed to change and was tired. I (in a sincere voice) told Pam not to be too much longer as we had a long drive tomorrow.

Evidently after I left things got pretty hot between Pam and the barman. In the dim light of the bar the guy got bold and let his hand run up and down Pam's stockinged thigh, as far as her trimmed pubic hair. They agreed to go somewhere private for some kissing and cuddling and as he couldn't leave the area and didn't have a room to use they went down to the darkened guest's laundry. There, with the danger of being caught enhancing the atmosphere, they got down to some hot lovemaking.

About an hour later Pam came back to the room, where I was waiting with a raging hard-on. She stood in front of me and slowly unbuttoned her dress, slipping it from her shoulders, displaying her body to me. I immediately noticed the small red marks on both breasts where he had nuzzled them and given small bites. There was heaps of spunk still very visible in her pubic hair and running down the inside of her thighs, soaking into the tops of her stockings. Some spunk had dropped out in blobs on to her shoes. As she moved towards the windows to open the curtains I could see marks and small bruises on her gorgeous buttocks where he had obviously held her while driving into her with all his force. We really had great sex that night, me forcing even more spunk into her body and letting it flow everywhere. After I had been screwing her for some time I noticed that there were also traces of dried semen on the side of her face and neck and a few smaller blobs in her hair.

Pam told me that when they entered the guest's laundry he immediately leaned her against the washing machine/ dryer and, with the street lights shining through the door into the darkened laundry, stripped her dress from her shoulders leaving her in stockings and shoes only. After playing with her boobs for a short time he forced her to kneel down and suck his greatly engorged penis. He climaxed after only a few strokes in her mouth and the flood of spunk overflowed her mouth and throat and continued spurting on to the side of her face and neck and into her hair. Pam recovered him by more oral sex and giving him a display of female masturbation until she also climaxed. This was too much for him and he grasped her firmly on each buttock and drove his steaming meat into her. He lasted slightly longer this time but when he did blow he flooded her so much that it literally poured out of her box. They both then cleaned up as much as possible and parted, with Pam coming back to the room.

After I came for the second time I gently massaged the great amount of semen from Pam's vagina on to her aching breasts. We then went to sleep, totally exhausted. — *Name and address withheld*



"Table for one, Sir?"

At the Adelaide Casino we offer the challenge and excitement of gaming in Australia's most elegant casino.

And, if you're in the 'big

league' of gamblers, we'll fly you first class to Adelaide, provide you with your own limousine, and pamper you in the luxurious surrounds of

the Hyatt Regency Adelaide.

Telephone for details anytime between 9am and 11pm.

We'll take you to new heights of excitement.

**Telephone STD free
(008) 888 711.**

ADELAIDE CASINO

ACA 57.05

FORUM

Swinging spouses

One rainy Sunday afternoon my husband and I decided to do something different — something that we had fantasised about for a long time. We recently had a great experience and thought to write it down in a letter to you.

Some time ago our intimate friends Annie and Tucker invited us to go sailing one weekend. The idea of sleeping on board a boat intrigued my husband, and we accepted the invitation. Our excitement built up as we waited for our sailing weekend to come.

When the day finally came, we arrived a little late at the marina, but our friends didn't mind and quickly put us at ease by serving us some drinks. We hadn't seen one another in almost a year, and our time was spent talking about past news and funny stories. As we began to feel the comfort of close friends enjoying one another's company, I felt very romantic. This was a couple who shared the same sexual attitudes as my husband and me — especially since the four of us had swung together before. As time progressed the atmosphere changed to one of intense emotion, and I realised I was not alone in my heightened state of arousal. With this realisation I could feel the excitement multiply. My husband began to undress and I

could tell by his rigid cock that he was feeling the same as me.

With the added visual excitement of my husband's nude body in front of me, and seeing our friends undress and caress each other, my whole body shuddered with an orgasm that left my pussy soaked and I could feel the juice run down my thighs. As I undressed myself I was able to give an admiring glance as I saw Annie begin to stroke and suck Tucker's pulsating cock. This made me remember that until I met my husband and swung with another couple, I had felt guilty about my sometimes insatiable appetite for sucking cock. I had never known another woman who enjoyed giving a blowjob, and even other men in my life had made me feel that I was a bit strange to love it so much.

I couldn't resist any longer and reached for my husband's cock, taking it in my hot wet mouth, enjoying the pleasure that I was giving my man. The four of us slowly moved closer to one another until finally Tucker was fucking Annie madly from behind as she rested on her knees and elbows, gazing at my large full breasts. I moved over to the table and sat on it while my husband buried his head in my steaming pussy. He took a quick break to change positions and noticed Annie's lustful gaze. My husband invited Annie to enjoy my bountiful breasts.

Annie did not need further prodding, and as my husband continued to lap at my

pussy, she was tonguing my hardened nipples and gently massaging my breasts. I could soon see that both Annie and my husband were getting more excited. They were obviously getting pleasure from giving it to me. As Tucker joined the group, he turned Annie over and went down on her, encouraging me to sit over her face while she proceeded to give me one of the best cunt lickings I ever had! Soon Tucker backed off, and my husband and he took a seat, getting a good view of their women enjoying each other's bodies. When the men decided to join us again, Tucker took me from behind and my husband fucked Annie while we were still sucking and kissing each other.

The next hour or so was filled with many pleasures. Then my husband withdrew from the activities and said, "I want to watch the crew take care of Captain Tucker." With that comment, Annie and I looked at each other and knew this to be the cue to do what we both love. The two of us started licking and sucking Captain Tucker's balls and dick — each of us taking turns back and forth until Tucker was ready to come. When he did, it was so explosive, there was enough for the both of us!

After the Captain had given us girls his whole load he said it was time for his first mate to get her wish. My husband and I looked at each other and we waited to hear what Annie would say. We both knew she had a fantasy to see Tucker suck off another man, but we were not sure how we felt about this. After she mouthed her request Tucker smiled, and in no time Annie and I sat on the table on either side of my husband, caressing and kissing him and taking our turns as voyeurs as Tucker moved in and began to suck my husband's cock. After a brief and enjoyable interaction, Tucker pulled Annie toward him and my husband and I fell into each other's arms. We all began to relax and come down with gentle caresses.

As my husband and I drifted off within our own ecstasy, listening to the waves lapping up onshore and the halyards of the boat clanking, we were brought back to reality by the noises from the galley. We got out of our berth to investigate and found Annie and Tucker having milk and cookies! As we joined them for a bedtime snack, I had to smile as I remembered that only minutes ago we were all swinging sexual adults. Now I felt as if I should have packed my stuffed teddy bear, too.

We had a light conversation and planned our sail for the next day. Later as I lay in our berth next to my husband, I heard his heavy breathing, signifying that he was off in dreamland. I sighed with the pleasure of knowing that we both enjoyed ourselves that evening, and grinned at the thought of the rest of the weekend about to unfold. — Name and address withheld

Continued on page 122



Sins

ANGER

DON'T BOTTLE IT UP

Choosing a mode of catharsis for pains in the arses

These days I often reflect upon the immense wisdom that was bestowed on us many years ago by the venerable Monty Python crew. Indeed, beneath the veil of absurdity in any Python skit there lurked a life lesson for us all. For instance, remember this scene from the sketch about Doug and Dinsdale, the Piranha Brothers? *Female Impersonator:* I have always found Dinsdale to be a charming and erudite companion.

Interviewer: But ... he nailed people's heads to the floor ... *Female Impersonator:* Well, it's better than bottling it up.

Dinsdale's solution to the problem of expiating anger may have been a shade over the top, as well as being somewhat impractical (you'd probably be better off using a pop rivet for that sort of job), but the principle remains as sound as a bell. After ten years of living in the largest city in this country, I have finally come to understand why the polite form of address in New York City is not "How do you do?" but "Fuck you, asshole."

A recent experience graphically brought home the point to me. Approaching the toll gates on the Sydney Harbor Bridge, and myopically absorbed with the problem of where to find a six-inch nail, I inadvertently cruised into the automatic lane — no change given, as the sign says. I endured the aggressive honking of the clown behind me as I

fumbled through my wallet for a buck, but alas there was none. On reflection I should have simply bolted and taken my chances, but like a good citizen I got out of the car and approached the fat little man in the nearby change booth to explain my dilemma.

"How would you be," squeaked the pompous little fart, "coming into an automatic lane without any change?"

"I'm terribly sorry."

"Look, go and park your car over there so everyone else can get through. I'll turn the alarm off. Then I'll get you the change. Jesus, how would you be, coming into an automatic lane without any change ..."

I parked and waited. No less than five minutes later, after he'd finished jowling with some other officious git, my man returned with change of a fiver. He handed me the coins as if relieving himself of a particularly cumbersome

turd, then poked his fat head inside the car and said: "See if you can back into the lane without hitting the bloke behind you."

"Mate, haven't you ever made a mistake before?" I inquired evenly.

"Yeah ... but how would you be, coming into an automatic lane without any change ..."

That did it. *Get me the pop rivet, Martha.* In fact, I settled for a simple "Get fucked, you fat cunt" as I dropped the buck into the basket and roared off. And in that moment of madness — it was, I suddenly realised, the first time in ten years that I'd actually done my block with one of these self-important scumbags — I transcended ordinary consciousness and contacted bliss. It was a fantastically liberating experience — better, I would imagine, than being declared Prime Minister of Australia while achieving orgasm with Elle McPherson and simultaneously peaking on a gram of intravenous uncut Colombian marching powder. As I sailed majestically over the coathanger in my beat-up '81

Datsun, I allowed myself to succumb to the warm and all-embracing conviction that this town was *mine*.

Now, don't get me wrong. I'm not in the habit of saying "Get fucked, you fat cunt" to every Tom, Dick, Harry or Susan who crosses my path. I don't want to get addicted. And besides, I reckon the thrill would diminish fairly quickly that way. Nope, I'm saving it up for the next A-grade certified shithead who messes with the new me. Maybe it'll be the next bloke (or woman) who comes right up my arse and honks his horn while I'm obviously trying to do a reverse park ("What does that look like to you — a parking space or a ham sandwich?"); maybe it'll be the next bloke who lifts his girlfriend on to his shoulders while standing directly in front of me at an outdoor rock concert ("Did I pay 20 bucks to spend all day looking at your girlfriend's fat arse?"); maybe it'll be the next PR woman who considers me monumentally ignorant because I've never heard of the two-bit soap star/



Illustration by Donna Cross

Sins

pop idol/personality/guru she's trying to flog ("Can you name the entire front row in the premiership-winning 1966 St George team, or are you an idiot?"); maybe it'll be the next ex-school "chum" of distant memory who's just landed a job selling life insurance and is ringing everyone in the class photo of '73 to stitch them up ("Alternatively, Barry, could I in-

terest you in a rubber vagina or a cheap home enema kit?"); but very likely it will be the next pompous fart who, like the man at the toll gate, has reached the bizarre conclusion that his little corner of the world is the only one that matters, and anyone not entirely familiar with it has got to be some sort of moron.

Oh boy, I can hardly wait ...
— Greg Hunter

AVARICE

YOUR MONEY AND YOUR LIFE

Can you bet your life on your insurance?

Once upon a time dinosaurs ruled the world. Two species exist today and still hold a mighty sway. These are the banks and the insurance companies.

In the good old days — before color TV and Kylie Minogue — ordinary people could save with the banks and the better off could invest with the insurance companies. A popular kind of insurance policy was the endowment policy. A bloke would pay a couple of bob a month and if he dropped dead his missus would collect 1000 quid. However, even if he didn't drop dead but lived until some specified age — 60 for a good policy and 95 for a shonky one — then the 1000 nicker would be paid out anyway.

The insurance agents used to sell thousands of these policies every year. They hardly sell any these days.

There are two components to an endowment policy — indeed, to any insurance policy: investment performance and the odds. When someone insures your life they act the same way as the tote at the races: they pool all the insurance premiums and pay out the dead'uns from the savings of the still living. Because they've been in the business so long most insurers can tell to a decimal point how many dead-uns

they'll have each year. They employ expensive mathematicians called actuaries to do this for them.

The other part of the insurance policy is the investment policy. Normally, an insurance company will collect more money than it pays out — not all its customers die at once. This money just doesn't sit there idly, it's invested.

It's invested in shares or buildings and sometimes in massive development projects like the iron ore mines of north-west Australia. The return on those investments allows the insurance company to pay back more than its punters put in. At least, that was the case.

Three things killed that theory and, with it, the endowment type policy.

The inflation of the Seventies was the big killer. Blokes had come home from World War II, signed up an insurance policy, paid their few bob a month for 30 years, and then found they were getting not the fortunes promised but piddling little sums that wouldn't buy a trip to Surfers.

Much of the money was tied up in low interest paying investments or, as was the case of the AMP, in those big project developments where returns were still many years off. These investment strategies were blown to bits.

Investment had not been the dominant department of too many insurers. (This is still largely true.) Most of the big insurers are not companies at all; they are

mutuals, ie they are owned by the policy holders — ie you and I.

But are we ever asked for our opinion on what the people running the show ought to do? No. While the policy-holders may

get a bunch of wealthy salesmen and a whole pile of unsatisfied customers. Add inflation and lackadaisical investment policies and you've got the Australian insurance industry of the Seventies

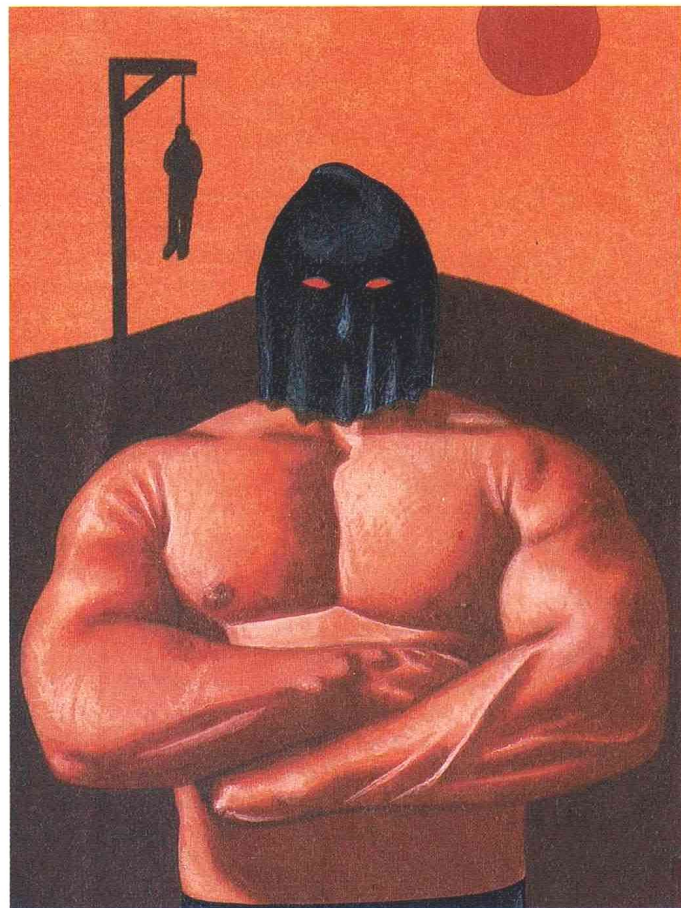


Illustration by Paul Newman

— own" the thing it is run by, well, the people who run it.

Now the most important people in an insurance company are the salesmen. Without them there would be no policy-holders and therefore no money for the investment managers to play with. So the salesmen come first. Which is why they get paid the most. There are blokes out there getting twice the money the flaming managing director of AMP gets.

If there's one thing a good salesman takes an interest in it's money: his money, your money, my money.

Okay, now set up this wonderful great pool of money into which thousands of Australians are pouring their shillings and pennies every week, give control of that pool to a bunch of salesmen, and what'll you get? Right: you'll

— a scene which, especially with regard to the bigger, older insurance giants, is much the same.

For it is still possible to pay a couple of grand in insurance premiums, change your mind after two years, and discover that the surrender value of the so-called endowment or superannuation or savings plan is nil — it's all gone to the salesmen with a bit to the clerks.

Many insurance rorts were exposed in the Seventies and parts of the industry began getting their act together.

One of the big deals was the "unbundling" of the traditional policy into straight life cover and investment. These days, if you want to insure your life against early death, you buy "term" insurance which pays you nothing if you outlive the period of the pol-

3 FOR 2

Choose any 2 and get 1 FREE

Boom Boom Valdez

Phone Mates

Ebony Humper

Our Dinner With Andrea

Once Upon A Temptress

MATURE MEDIA GROUP Freepost No. 1, PO Box 110 CURTIN ACT 2605

Postage: 1 item \$5, 2-3 items \$7, 4 items or more \$9

Please send me the explicit version of: Please tick ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

☐ Boom Boom Valdez 839

☐ Phone Mates 843

☐ Ebony Humper 830

☐ Our Dinner With Andrea 841

☐ Once Upon A Temptress 842

☐ I require a colour newsletter **FREE**

• Buy one movie \$59.99

• Buy two for \$120 and receive your third choice **FREE!**

• Buy three for \$180 and receive two **FREE!**

PEN MAY 89

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

State _____ P/code _____ Signature _____

Payment by: ☐ Cash* ☐ Cheque ☐ M/order ☐ COD (add \$4) ☐ Credit Card

Type of Card _____

Expires: / / *Please send by security post. No postage stamp required.

20 Molonglo Mall FYSHWICK ACT 2609

7 Day
Conditional
Money Back
Guarantee

The Mature Media Group

Ask for your **FREE** colour monthly newsletter **FREE!**

Phone Orders: (062) 804 643
Fax Orders: (062) 804 904

Stradbroke 35s



*Taking it easy with
Australia's favourite 35s.*

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS *

Health Authority Warning

*Packaging warning required by Government regulation

WD397/88 APB9173-C

Sins

GLUTTONY

CUTTING THE CHEESE

A great cheese platter marries something old, something new, something local and something blue

It's become a food wanker's maxim. "I buy cheese, a good loaf of bread and the best wine I can afford on my way home from work, and I have a perfect meal." Cheese, like sex, is one of man's oldest and most reliable pleasures. Next to fast foods, it's tailor-made sustenance for two-income families who get home at seven and don't want to start peeling potatoes.

earthy shiitake mushrooms instead of button, that creates dishes with hearty back-of-mouth flavors and has seen a popularity boom in the red wines to go with them.

So what does the modern cheese board look like? Ordinarily, a cheese selection is arranged in one of two ways. It's done by family — such as blues — so that the taster can compare a sharp Roquefort, a buttery Gippsland Blue and a mild, golden Stilton. Or it's done to show contrasts in taste, texture and richness: a pungent Alsatian munster and a bland Havarti, an aged Gouda and a baby-fresh mozzarella, a hard parmesan and a soft camembert, a buttery St Andre and a lean chevre.

What follows is a cheese board designed to show off today's status cheeses. Start with strong-tasting cheeses, and you'll have a choice of some of Europe's most traditional and best-loved cheeses. You could pick a golden slab of Pont l'Eveque, a plump cow's milk



Illustration by Skye Rogers

less tax and have, in general, lower upfront fees. What's more, they're not run by overpaid salesmen.

I mean, if everybody followed my advice there wouldn't be one brass razoo invested in insurance bonds. — David Quicksilver

But there are trends in cheese buying as in everything else. The people who watch these things say we are developing an interest in stronger-tasting, more complicated cheeses. The change fits a new, sophisticated sensibility that demands peppery mignonette instead of iceberg lettuce,

cheese from Normandy, its crust lacerated by a cheese ripening basket; or a buttery Esrom, the Danish version of Port Salut, with its delicate but pungent aroma. My own choice would be a ripe munster to eat as they do in Strasbourg, with caraway seeds and a great Rhine riesling.



Three for the road.



GSX750F



GSX600F



GSX1100F

As soon as you sit in the saddle of the new GSX750F you can tell it was designed for comfort over the long haul.

The bars are just right, the seat well shaped, the instruments easy to read and the tank capacity just enough, while the fairing eliminates wind buffeting and reduces drag to increase rider comfort over long distances.

And as soon as you take off on the trip of your dreams you'll realise the GSX750F learned a lot of its tricks from the GSX-R750.

Which is another way of saying the GSX750F is a sports performance motorcycle dressed in more casual clothes.

The GSX750F has racetrack character, but it's refined for the street. It's the machine most riders are looking for but rarely find.

It is now available from Suzuki along with two other thoroughbreds from the same GSX-F stable. There's the lightweight GSX600F, or the powerful GSX1100F.

These three will give you mile after mile of infinite riding pleasure with performance and style that you demand — and deserve.



Suzuki supports the Federal Government's "Ride It Right" Campaign.

SUZ 189



Illustration by Skye Rogers

If you've never had one of the strong flavored cheeses, don't be like the Australian customs officers of the Fifties who condemned a consignment of Limburg cheese as unfit for human consumption. Their bark is always worse than their bite: the smell is stronger than the taste and it can be tamed. Always wrap full-flavored cheeses in plastic wrap, put them in a plastic box with a tight seal, and the smell won't "contaminate" your butter and eggs.

Now pick an aged cheese. You could do an interesting tasting by comparing a couple of young and old Edams or Cheshires, England's oldest cheese and the world champion for cheese on toast. Anyone who has tasted a fully aged Swiss gruyere or a mature Danish Havarti knows that these troopers of the cheese tray are quite different in maturity from their soapy childhood. In Holland, dairy shelves hold Goudas at seven different stages of ripeness, and shoppers can choose from a sweet young "two" or a full-blown "six". Here it's young or mature.

But the queen of aged cheeses is parmesan. That's been doing the rounds for years as a grating cheese but newly has been discovered here as an eating cheese. Put out a wedge of parmesan as they do in Italy, at the end of a meal, with unshelled nuts and a sweet dessert wine. And don't forget the other Italian aged cheeses: sheep's milk pecorino, romano and provolone, the big brother of mozzarella.

Connoisseurs never buy the vacuum-packed rubber most of us associate with mozzarella; the rage is for tiny bocconcini eaten the day they are made, without having experienced the shock of refrigeration. Serve with ripe tomatoes and basil, or as a flash hors d'oeuvre with sun-dried tomatoes and olives.

Cantal is a pale yellow cylinder cheese from the French Auvergne which was given a big review by Pliny the Elder around 2000 years ago. Don't miss it. When it's young, it has a mild, nutty flavor, which becomes stronger and more cheddary as it

ages. For a change, try a voluptuous French Belle Etoile, a foil wrapped triple creme from the Ile de France, or a Bleu de Bresse, a dark-veined blue cheese, made from cow's milk and boasting the consistency of thick, thick cream.



The Danes also sing the blues pretty well with Saga Blue and Blue Castello.

From Rumania, Bulgaria and Greece, you get nearly identical versions of Kashkaval, a hard sheep's milk cheese with a rich bite that is made for serving with olives at the start of a meal and

Sins

first-rate melted into cooked dishes. English cheeses have burst back on to the fashion scene in the past few years with Sage Derby, Huntsman (a two-layered "sandwich" of blue and double Gloucester cheese), flavored cheddars and the dark red mulberry stained cheddar.

The real expansion of the cheeses board, however, is the discovery of Australian cheeses. For years, we've been very good if not great imitators. But now there are several Australian cheeses good enough to stand up on their own without comparison — Margaret River Brie and camembert from Western Australia, King Island cheddar, Jindi Double Creme, Merino Sheep's Milk and, in my opinion, the finest of them all, Gippsland Blue. None of them are cheap because none of them come from big businesses.

Anyone giving a grand Australian dinner with any pretension to significance is almost obliged to have a wedge or two of Gippsland Blue on the menu. Rob and Lyn Johnson turn out just more than a tonne a week at their quaintly named operation of Hillcrest Farm in Victoria's Gippsland. The Johnsons don't

want to increase production past two tonnes — ever. "Our obsession with quality would have to be diluted."

Gippsland Blue is made in small batches of 180-240 litres. The Italian-sourced mould is added with an eye-dropper. Keeping batches small is the secret of Gippsland Blue's melt-in-the-mouth softness. "In standard big factory batches of 20,000 litres," says Rob Johnson, "the top levels of curd compact the bottom layers making them hard. We never go deeper than 8cm, to ensure the creaminess Gippsland Blue is famous for." Such dedication costs around \$26-\$28 a kilo.

Like Roquefort, Gippsland Blue is foil-wrapped. The Johnsons recommend keeping up the foil habit at home, even if you only buy 100g. "Plastic wrap suffocates the cheese and ruins it. Never let a large wedge of Gippsland Blue warm up between servings; cut off the piece you need an hour before serving and pack foil over the cut surface of the larger piece. To enjoy Gippsland Blue at its best, don't keep it longer than six weeks a purchase." It should stay around that long... — Elisabeth King

VANITY

A GREAT BAG OF FRUIT

A classic dinner suit brings out the Cary Grant in a man — and the passion in a woman

No other earthly garment becomes a bloke better than the dinner suit. Don't snigger. Any man looks better in one. Even a slobbering simpleton can exude a suavity

just by standing *next* to someone in a dinner suit.

Designers are currently eager to influence you to diversify in your choice of evening wear, as they consider it an expanding market. Still they are beaten by the perpetual popularity of the dinner suit — straight, uncluttered and very, very masculine. Sigh.

As a romantic classic it outclasses all comers. Although the popularity waxes and wanes (like minis, I suppose) it never dies. And this isn't just because it makes women go starry-eyed and gaga — in case you're frostily deciding not to pander to their inane fantasies about matinee idols and that sort of thing. It's because the dinner suit

is actually extremely wearable.

At first men wriggle around in front of the mirror, casting anxious glances at themselves — aghast at the fear that they

ual style of say, California. But as life becomes more of a serious business, people find themselves yearning for more rules to follow. If you see yourself as one of this



might resemble a penguin, or worse: a pooker.

But soon the tension drains from their bodies and they start leering at their reflection and rambling on about the *comfort*. Yes, comfort.

The original dandy Beau Brummell set the scene for the dinner suit revolution in the late 1700s. The daring chap scandalised London by appearing in black and white for a formal occasion.

Edward VIII picked up the trend in the Thirties when he wore his with such ease and elegance that people were astounded he was, in fact, a member of the royal family.

So, does the Eighties real man have to have the compulsory dinner suit casually tucked away in his wardrobe? Of course not. As a sub-tropical, informal style of country we tend to follow the cas-

new breed of men, the fulfilment of adolescent female fantasies, there are a few things you ought to take note of.

What the average prole calls a "tux" or "tuxedo" is a dinner suit. It *does* matter because you'd look bloody stupid in certain circles by getting it wrong. A tuxedo is a white or cream jacket worn without tails over darkish trousers. It is suitable for some nightclubs, school balls and award presentations.

Then there is the morning suit — which is not your rumpled pyjamas, but a top hat and tails. We are told this rather dandy little number is intended for wearing at race meetings, embassy functions, society weddings and openings of parliaments.

Perhaps a little more tailored to the needs of the Aussie digger is the lounge suit, which is basically a business suit and is apparently

required for the more formal occasions which dominate our lives. (We can presume the lounge suit is passable for playing space invaders, sneaking into McDonalds, picking a pointless argument with the wife and taking out the garbage.)

The glorious dinner suit is *de rigueur* anytime after four in the afternoon. If you're hankering after a stiffened collar, worsted serge, a stiff upper lip and an adherence to the dress code of the sons of the Empire you ought to nip out and not buy but hire one of these numbers. Even if it does make Her act like a breathless movie starlet it still isn't worth blowing an entire two weeks salary. Besides, you might even ruin the thing by spilling your Fosters or red wine down the front.

Grace Brothers Formal Hire service confirms a return to the more "traditional, timeless look."

The hire of jacket and trousers costs \$35, the shirt \$10, a cummerbund \$5 and the tie \$3 ... which really is pretty reasonable considering you can hoon around in it for two nights and not bother about dribbling martini down your front.

Should you wish to splash out and purchase a dinner suit, David Jones says the best labels are the Italian Louiseraud and Studio Omo (same as the laundry powder) and the very English Anthony Squires. Prices range from \$700 to \$1000.

You too can get away with, if not murder, mayhem in a dinner suit! Think about it. — Jean Norman

SLOTH

GAUGIN A GO-GO

From the fleshy nightspots of Papeete to the romantic fantasy of Bora Bora, Tahiti's sensual magic springs eternal

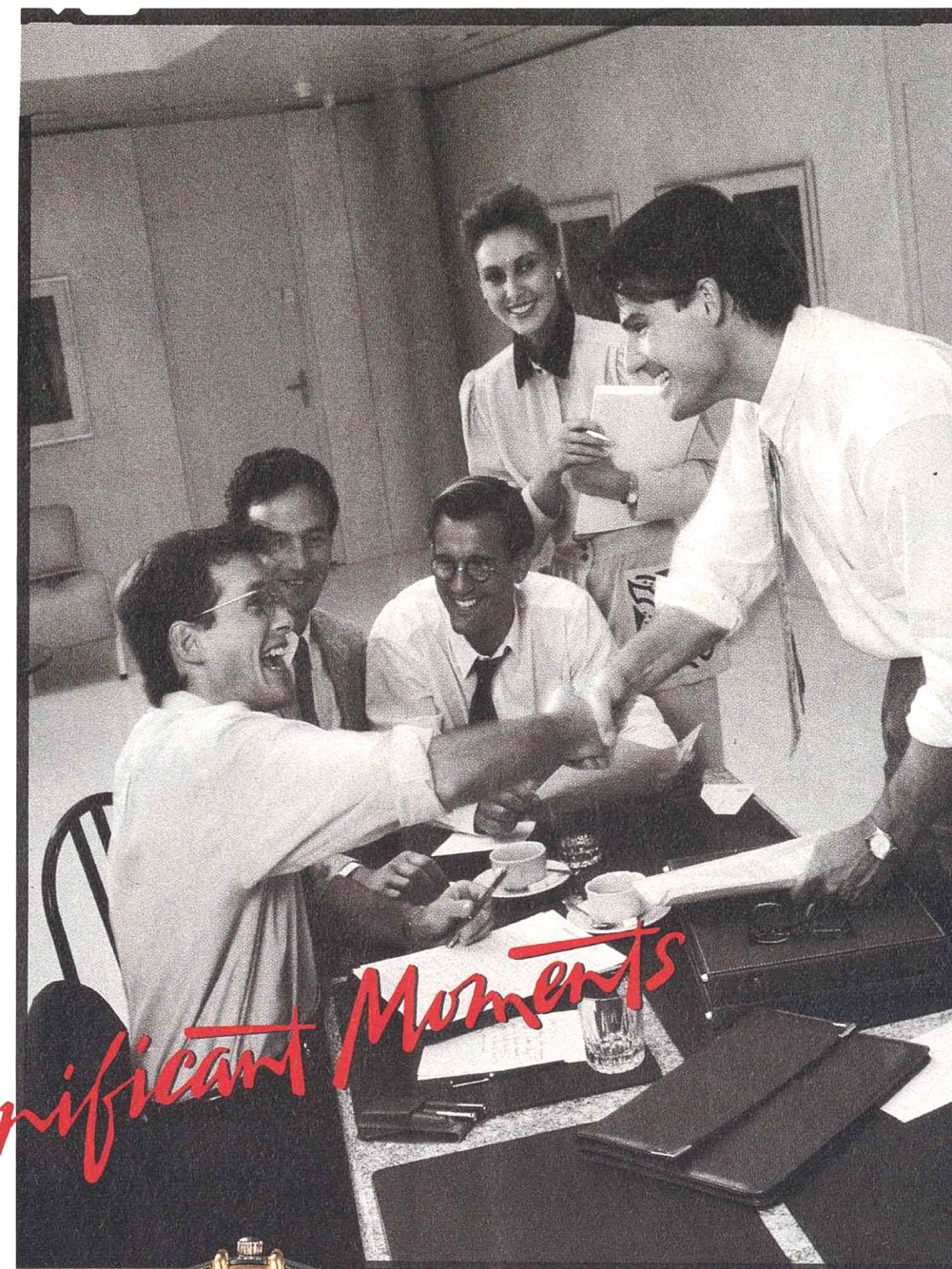
Back when I was a bashful adolescent, my Dad gave me a wonderful book, one that I will take care to keep away from my own offspring. It was Richard Halliburton's *Royal Road To Romance*, a DIY manual for budding dropouts and potential vagabonds. The chapter on Tahiti was illustrated with an alluring photo of a smiling wahine, a statuesque innocent clad only in a skimpy pareo and frangipani blossom.

Tahiti continues to promote

this image, at the same time complaining that tourists still arrive expecting to be welcomed like 18th Century seamen. Let me state right here that you have about as much chance of being dived on by an unprofessional Tahitian beauty as being left alone with your thoughts on Kuta Beach. Oh, the sensual promise is still there in the wiggling coconut shells and grass skirts of the Tahitian dance shows, but the genuine enchantment of Tahiti and her islands, where spirits seem to inhabit houses, flowers, animals and hotels, is that time is meaningless. After a couple of days visitors tend to lose their watches and then forget to look for them.

The point of entry is Papeete, described by D.H. Lawrence in 1922 as "a poor sort of place, mostly Chinese, natives in European clothes, and fat ..." Papeete still wouldn't win an urban planning award or enter the annals of tourism as one of the shopping meccas of the world but the efforts of a series of five-year plans by the French have brightened the scene somewhat. The city's well-worn look has been punctuated by shopping

IT IS A MOMENT YOU PLANNED FOR. REACHED FOR. STRUGGLED FOR. A LONG-AWAITED MOMENT OF SUCCESS. OMEGA. FOR THIS AND ALL YOUR SIGNIFICANT MOMENTS.



OMEGA ALWAYS MARKS SIGNIFICANT MOMENTS. AT THE OLYMPICS. IN THE SPACE PROGRAM. IN SIGNIFICANT LIVES LIKE YOURS. THE OMEGA CONSTELLATION. FOR YOU BOTH.

Ω
OMEGA

They wish their figures were as healthy as ours.

BUSINESS REVIEW WEEKLY
77,517

TIME
107,000

THE BULLETIN
110,000

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY
40,886

WHEELS
62,500

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE
128,137 *

In competing for the advertising dollar few magazines have the staying power to deliver the really glittering prizes.

However, while some have their ups and downs in circulation, Australian Penthouse is consistently healthy.

And constantly ahead of the rest.

In fact, it seems the thought of our 128,137* circulation exhausts them.

What an even further increase in circulation, which seems highly likely, will do is anyone's guess.

However, one thing is for certain, all Australian Penthouse figures stand up to close scrutiny.

For instance, our readers have a high disposable income; far higher than the national average.

And they are keen to spend it, very keen indeed.

They exceed the national average in almost everything: buying cars, videos and recording devices, taking holidays, smoking, drinking and entertaining.

So if you have a product whose sale figures need livening up, place the advertising in the magazine whose figures don't look tired.

Australian
PENTHOUSE

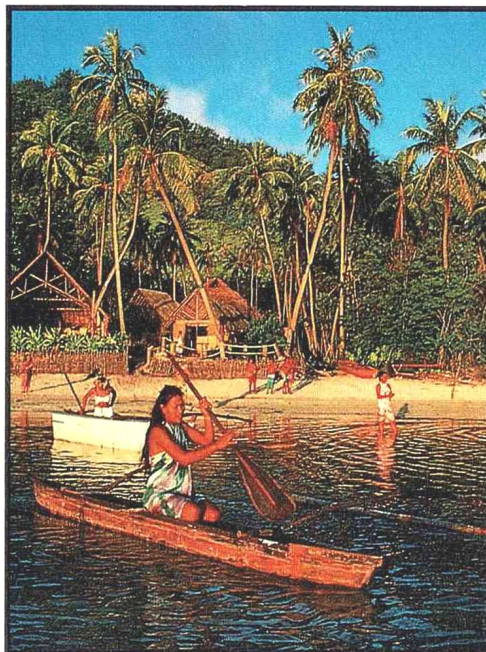
NOW, MORE THAN EVER,
IT'S A BUSINESS DECISION.

Sydney Howard Jenkins, Sarah Bowring (02) 929 6677. Melbourne Bob Gaff (03) 690 8233.
Brisbane Sue Horne (07) 202 6813. Adelaide Tony Giuliani (08) 373 1142.

*Source: ABC Audit, April 1, 1988 - September 30, 1988

Jacka 1659 A

Photo courtesy Austral International



Tahiti — the most romantic islands in the world?

centres — mainly in the business of selling black pearls, pareos, duty-free perfumes and gifts — bars and restaurants.

Just outside Papeete is the Atimaono golf course, rightly acclaimed as the most beautiful venue in the South Pacific. A visit to the Gauguin Museum is obligatory, if only for convention's sake. Gauguin was so poor he had to send every painting back to France; only a couple of third-rate works remain.

There are 13 major hotels in Papeete, the most famous being the Tahiti Beachcomber, Te Puna Bel Air and the Tahara's, now the Hyatt Regency. The Hyatt seems to fall down the side of a cliff, offering views of the nearby beach and the island of Moorea that almost command you to get up at sparrow's to watch the guava yawn of sunrise on the mountains and the sea. The Beachcomber, cresting the top of Point Tata'a, is a private world of 30 acres of magnificent, lush, tropical gardens. The Soiree Merveilleuse, sunset buffet on the beach, is a *de rigueur* spot to take in the sudden blaze of sunset that silhouettes the palms.

The best way to get around Tahiti is via Le Truck, an unscheduled bus service. Driven in the main by hatchet-faced middle-aged women, you crush in, flesh to flesh, with 20-25 others who love to have their

brains blown out by thumping Tahitian melodies played well above the decibel level of safety. The "real Tahiti" can also be found in Papeete's jumping marketplace near the waterfront at Cardella Street. Sunday morning is the best time for screaming, gesticulating and the selling of flowers, fruits and meats. The high time for action is 5am. Don't even think of going to bed and getting up early — rather stay out all night at one of Papeete's electric collection of nightclubs and bars.

The best coconut punch to be found in Tahiti can be located at Le Chaplins. Those keen to see what's hidden under the dancing girls' coconut shells should front at Club 5 Topless, similarly the erotic show at the Club Consort. Le Piano Bar is a favorite haunt of Tahitian transvestites; as the publicity blurb subtly puts it — "The women here often have a beard by the end of the evening." But if you're only after a quiet Hinano beer before turning in or a wild dance or two, check out the full listing of Tahiti's clubs and bars in the free edition of *Tahiti Clever Guide*.

Quite frankly, Tahiti is more for writing yourself off on healthy physical activities than plumbing the depths of real or imagined sin. Rambling through the Polynesian mountains in four-wheel-drives is fast becoming a

major business but be warned — a lot of the "fun" is wending your way at 20km/h along a rut-called-a-road until the rugged splendor of the spectacular pinnacles creeps into view.

Boating excursions and cruises, jet and water skiing, scuba diving and horse-riding overwhelm such mundane distractions as playing chicken all day with clouds and the sun. Surfers note: From November to May the best waves are to be caught on the north coast of Tahiti at Papenoo, Lafayette, Martin Islet and Pointe Venus beaches. The following six months sees the surfing scene move to the south coast, particularly round Papara.

The island of Moorea is a ten-minute flight from Tahiti and for my money its spectacular beauty is grossly undervalued. Sparsely populated with a bare 7000 inhabitants, hotels dot the coast like so many little theatres with very plush seats and unobstructed views — Kia Ora, Moorea Lagoon, Bali Hai, Hibiscus and Club Med. The Lina Reva has the island's best restaurant. An old ferry has been converted into a swish bar and restaurant serving French provincial food at its best, not as a travesty.

Bora Bora has been singled out by Michener as the most romantic island in the world, but despite such fulsome praise the island remains, in the lexicon of

Tahitian fantasies, exactly the way it's supposed to be. "The gem of the Leeward islands" is a 50-minute plane hop from Tahiti and the square-topped peak of Mount Otemanu plays second banana to a dazzling lagoon ripe for glossy reproduction. There's no rowdy surfers or raucous cocktail hours to disturb you here; the greatest pleasures are a dream-filled nap after breakfast and the sound of silken water on volcanic sand.

The Hotel Bora Bora, like Aggie Grey's, is a South Seas legend — the closest you'll come to finding a key to the "real Bora Bora." The bungalows are right on the lagoon, reef fish hug the jetty thoughtfully floodlit at night, the morning sand may be trod by a jogger or two, in the evening a few couples kiss by the surf. Even the waitresses seem prettier; flowers are literally everywhere.

This year Tahiti expects Australian numbers to rise from 15 to 22 percent of the market. With the numerous packages currently available this shouldn't be difficult. Continental Airlines, Jetabout, Hunts of the Pacific, Club Med, Creative Tours and Orient Pacific all provide week-long packages from just under or just over \$1000, all transfers and many meals included.

Continental Airlines flies to Tahiti from Sydney three times a week. — Elisabeth King

ENVY

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER

A fractured fable for modern lovers

By definition, a fable is a short moral tale not based on fact and usually with animals for characters. What follows is a fractured fable. That is, a short immoral tale in which the characters *have sex with animals*.

Once upon a time fables and

fairytale invariably began with, "Once upon a time." These days they begin like this:

Sarah, 28, and her husband of six months, Peter, 31 (not their real names), were young, upwardly mobile achievers committed to their interesting go-ahead careers. While they toiled long and hard at their ergonomically designed offices, both knew the value of shared quality leisure time. One vital facet of this was their weekly trip to the cinema. Sarah and Peter liked to keep a finger on the pulse

Dunhill De Luxe 25's

Always in good taste



Created by our blenders from tobaccos of exceptional quality

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS

Health Authority Warning

*Packaging warning required by Government regulation

D116 APB 8409 C

dunhill

This is all the space
a good operator needs
for forty Australians.

Imagine this area is the inside of
an ordinary suitcase.

Think of yourself as a small native
Australian animal, who has been
drugged and bound and crammed
into this suitcase with thirty-nine
of your fellow countrymen.

It will be dark. There will be no
ventilation, no room to move or
breathe. This is what it feels like to
be exported overseas illegally.

If you survive, you will be sold
for profit. Unfortunately, nine out of
ten of you will die. From suffocation,

from loss of blood, or by drowning
in your own vomit or urine.

Taking native animals out of
Australia is not just wrong, it's cruel.

Help stop this deadly
practice. Send your
donation today.



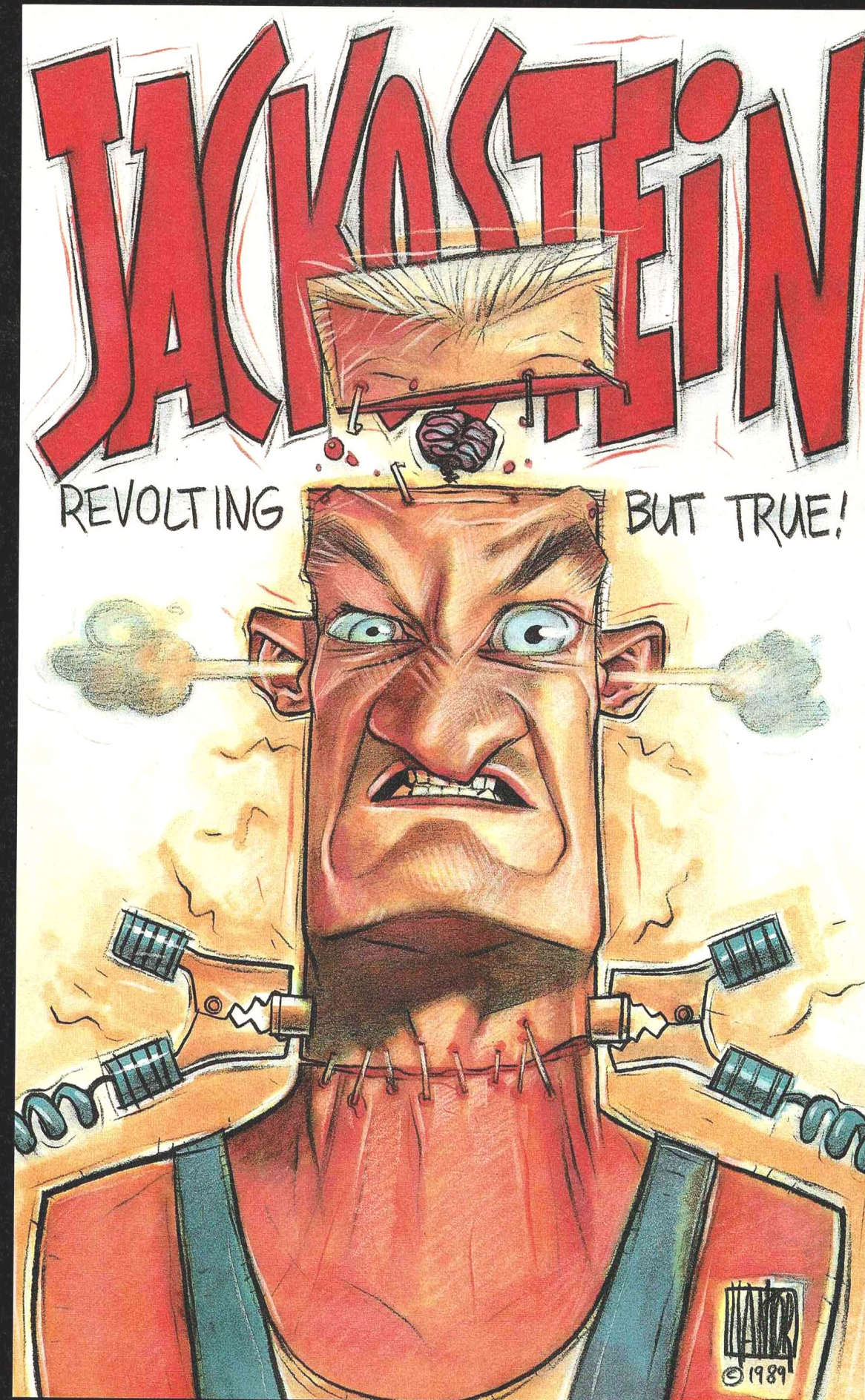
I would like to donate \$_____ to World Wildlife Fund Australia by ☐ cheque ☐ Bankcard ☐ Mastercard, ☐ Visa Card. Card No. _____

Expiry date: _____ Name _____ Address _____ Postcode _____

Signature _____ Donations over \$2 are tax deductible. Post To: World Wildlife Fund Australia, G.P.O. Box 528 Sydney NSW 2001.

Your stamp will help Australia's wildlife. ☐ Please send me information on membership of WWFA.

Ogilvy MWW 0073/PentH



KANTOR'S GALLERY



BY DICK WORDLEY
ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

"Witness protection," the US Marshall told his audience, "can only be as successful as the witness concerned allows it to be. The witnesses we lost were those who broke the rules. They were the ones who got blown away . . ."

The US Marshalls Service is the American body responsible for the anonymity and safety of informers given immunity from prosecution and protection in return for their evidence in court. The visiting Marshall was addressing in camera a group of top brass from the Australian National Crime Authority (NCA) and the Witness Protection Service (Witsec) of the Australian Federal Police. One of the listeners, NCA Chief Inspector Bob McDonald, would later have cause to reflect long and hard on the Marshall's words.

Seconded by the Authority from the Feds, and into his 50s with rapidly receding ginger hair, McDonald was a quiet and unobtrusive man unless confronted by the need for incisive action. Then, it was said of him, watch out for the kick because you won't hear his footsteps. Chief Inspector McDonald was the very senior case officer primarily responsible for the protection of the most coveted informer in NCA's short and contentious history: a man known only as the notorious Mr X. McDonald was also the NCA leader of an undercover team who investigated Barry Malcolm Moyse, the former Chief Inspector and head of the

**Mr X was the
NCA's prize
supergrass.
But could they
keep him alive?**

w i t n e s s

for the prosecution

witness

South Australian Police Drug Squad, now recognised as the most corrupt cop in Australia's history.

X and Moyse are irrevocably linked. Moyse is currently serving a 21-year sentence in Yatala Prison while the NCA informer, X, who put him there serves a different kind of internment — confined in a jail with invisible bars for the term of his natural life, as long (or perhaps more likely, as short) as that may be. At least two Syndicate contracts are known to be out on the informer's life. X refers to those contracts, in Mafia jargon, as "messages from God."

X is still in hiding after having been guaranteed NCA protection and immunity from prosecution for the crimes he confessed to, including his conspiracy with Moyse to recycle on to the streets hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of drugs stolen by the rogue inspector from police safes after they'd earlier been siezed by men under his command.

Of X's original 160-page statement to NCA, less than 60 pages related to his dealings with Moyse and four other South Australians charged by NCA with drug-related offences. Indicted elsewhere in it, and currently under investigation, were former associates and others connected to the Syndicate, including bankers, poli-

ticians, lawyers, bookmakers, public servants, importers, drug pushers and launderers of black money. The song X sang became for NCA a grand symphony of information. He was not your run-of-the-gutter police fizz snivelling for protection from those he put in the frame, but a genuine top-of-the-heap supergrass, alive and well. Or alive, at least, and that was to be the operative word for more than 40 different armed minders whose unenviable task was to provide X with VIP protection across more than 15 hazardous months.

The minders were to be drawn from the ranks of NCA and Witsec, and in Sydney from the NCA-co-opted Special Weapons & Security arm of the NSW Police (SWAS), in Perth from Special Air Services (SAS) and in Adelaide from the crack SA police unit, Starforce.

On protective duty or not, all of these minders had one thing in common: they were cops. And as his long police record demonstrated, X was no lover of cops.

He was a 31-year-old Australian-born Greek, tanned, athletic, clever and street-smart. Bolle shades usually camouflaged his quick olive eyes beneath fastidiously groomed coal-black hair. In two years at the top of the Australian drug tree he had feathered his own nest very comfortably. Not so long ago he was scoring up to \$50,000 a week selling heroin to dealers, who then supplied the pushers. Married then divorced, he had owned

Ferraris, Jaguars, Porsches and a Ford LTD, all acquired with cash. He had lived in the most luxurious accommodation in the land: the Hilton in Sydney, the Gateway in Adelaide and in Melbourne the top-level suite at Menzies On Rialto, with a butler and chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce on 24-hour call at \$1400 a night. He had chartered jets, as nonchalantly as most hail a cab, to fly himself and the women he collected like butterflies (and who stayed around for about that long) from Melbourne, Adelaide, Sydney or wherever to casinos from the Gold Coast to Tasmania. After scaring off gamblers by the size of his stake, he played one-out against a blackjack dealer for \$2000 a hand. Always confident of his cover, he had flashed across all points of the nation's playgrounds as a high roller in the very fast lane.

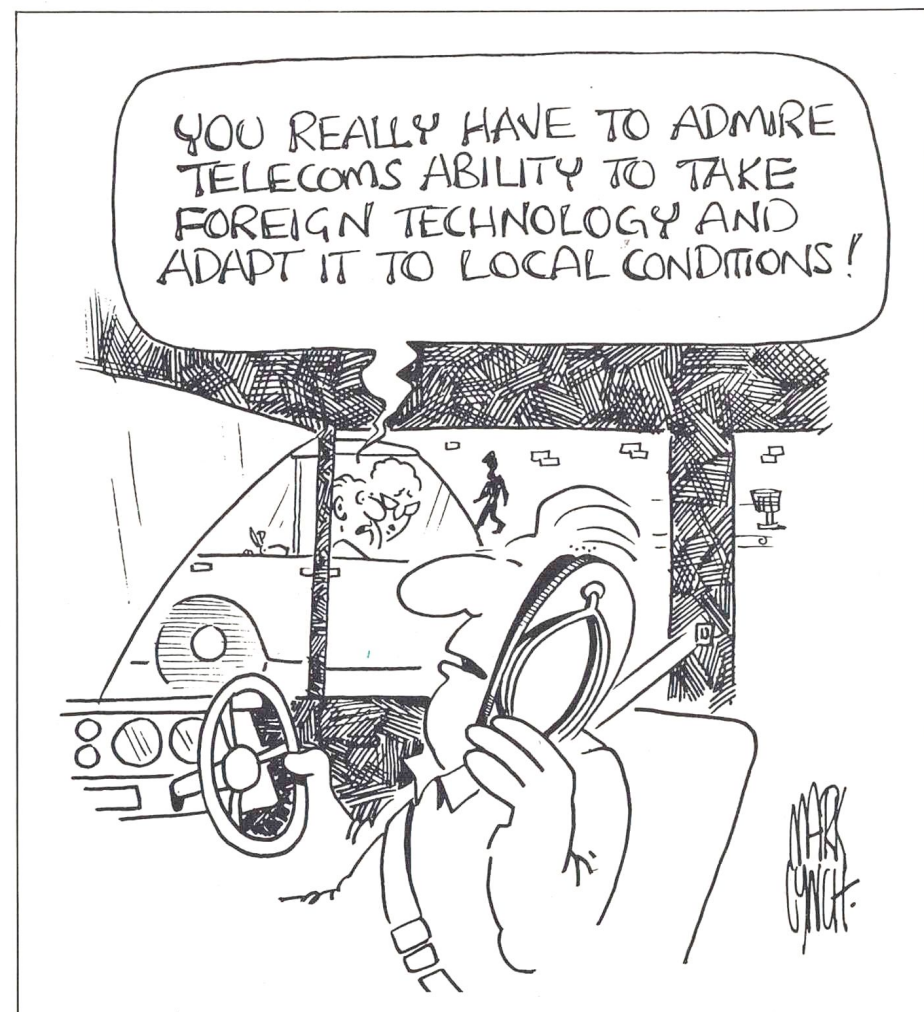
Also in that time, X told me, he had "put a million dollars up my own arm."

After the wheels fell off, as an NCA-protected witness coming down on NCA-supplied methadone, he was receiving a \$150 a week "subsistence allowance" along with food and lodgings, the whereabouts of which God's messengers would have paid dearly to ascertain.

The parade of minders came and went in shifts, each group having its own case officer with Bob McDonald as their overlord. Sometimes there were two, sometimes four of them in lodgings that never ceased to rotate, often on a daily basis. For X the fast lane became a one-way street, his street of no return.

This particular VIP witness was very special, to be kept on side and as comfortable as possible. The police who were his minders were duty-bound to protect, mollycoddle and babysit a self-confessed criminal, conman and dealer in death. It was like an interminable card game in which, X soon came to believe, he held an ace. He was to find out he needed more than one.

X first came under NCA notice in May 1987 at Kings Cross. "I was off my face," he recalled. He was staying at the Merlin Plaza and desperately trying to come down from heroin. He had arrived from the Gold Coast, where a telephone call he had made to Moyse in Adelaide had been intercepted by NCA. Moyse had not been arrested. NCA saw their chance. Two operatives called and X was told: "We believe your life is in danger." Both sides fished for days. X thought he was being set up. Then his own sources revealed the truth. In his temporary absence, an Adelaide connection who X claimed had reneged on a \$160,000 debt to him had falsely set him up as a police informer in connection with a crop of marijuana busted in South Australia by NCA, and of which X denied all knowledge. A contract on his life had been issued and NCA had evidence of his connection with Moyse. His alternatives — death, jail or the NCA.



witness

NCA helped him to methadone. Promised protection and immunity, he "broke into song."

With minders from SWAS under the control of a sergeant he tagged "Boom Boom", X was shifted from one anonymous motel to another under a variety of aliases. His SWAS code-name was Zulu. He was grilled by NCA investigators and his statement was prepared. Finally he was escorted in an unmarked car through steel security gates into the huge basement garage below NCA's bleak fortress off King Street, Sydney, where a mixture of motor vehicles from sedans to panel vans with a smorgasbord of untraceable registrations issued from various states waited for their drivers. He was ushered by Bob McDonald into a specially convened courtroom in the building, where before Mr Peter Clark and at a microphone in a witness box he was examined on oath and at length by NCA lawyers in possession of his statement.

"If anything I said didn't corroborate with stuff they already knew, they would have said: 'Here's another bullshit artist — let's not waste our time on him'," X said.

But NCA had a winner this time. In Adelaide, Moyse and four other men were arrested and charged. Their identities were suppressed except for that of one man, Rocco Sergi, an illegal immigrant. A preliminary trial date was set.

It was months away. The witness was getting restless. "Patience," said Bob McDonald. "Patience."

But monkeys were climbing his back. He was still psychologically addicted to heroin. Weeks of being cooped up and shunted around from place to place (as Boom Boom always avoided areas where he may be recognised — Bondi, Vaucluse, Edgecliff and especially Kings Cross, where the Syndicate had a thousand eyes) was not what X had expected. He was going stir crazy, shut in with cops and guns and more cops.

X played his ace. He would become less co-operative unless the VIP security was relaxed.

A decision was made. Boom Boom arranged for X's Ford LTD to be ferried anonymously from Adelaide to Sydney, where it was resprayed and a NSW registration issued under the name of B. Anderson. X had already been given a temporary new identity. He was now Mr Kevin Potter, a commercial traveller with an ID to prove it.

He was taken by Boom Boom and another SWAS cop he nicknamed "Batman" 80 kilometres north of Sydney to Gosford, where he had never been. There he collected his newly decked car and learned a new word — relocation. He was relocated to a hideaway flat in a complex just out of Gosford on the waterfront

at Terrigal with his tight security downgraded to beeper contact, twice daily telephone calls and firm advice on how to keep his head down and obey the rules.

No-one other than SWAS knew his whereabouts. At least, that's what X and Boom Boom believed at the time.

"Whatever group was responsible for me at any one time — NCA, SWAS, Witsec or whoever — they kept my location under cover, even from each other," X told me. "If NCA or Witsec wanted to see me when I was with SWAS, a meet would be arranged at some other place. It was all cloak and dagger."

At Terrigal X was at last free of round-the-clock protection. It was butterfly time again. The butterfly in this case was a paid-up member of the Gosford Aquatic Club, so what better idea than to drive there for drinks and dinner prior to the action X anticipated would take place in his

6
"From time to
time I saw guys who'd
want me out of the way for
good — waiting, I thought,
to see if I'd drop
their names"

9

new flat.

It never happened. Driving homeward from the club, with the butterfly now floating, X was beckoned to the side by a police RBT and blew better than .05. He was also not wearing a seat belt. At the lockup his licence was computer-checked with the registration of the car Mr Kevin Potter claimed was his own.

"Well then," enquired the law, "who is this Mr B. Anderson?"

For X the scene was becoming awfully familiar, more so when a further charge of illegal use loomed and he was fingerprinted, photographed and shown to a cell. He saw his cover blown, knowing from experience that police central computers would match prints and picture to the formidable record under this true name — a record which contained information no magistrate was likely to resist considering in deciding the penalty. In particular, there was one driving offence of recent vintage. It concerned a matter of being stopped by a police road block between Goulburn and Moss Vale when driving from Melbourne to Sydney in an XJS turbo-fitted Jaguar at 210 km/h with two

police cars in vain pursuit on the Hume Highway. X was charged with dangerous driving and locked up until he convinced a sergeant that he had been rushing to Sydney airport, where his wife was about to illegally abduct his two little children. If he had also mentioned that in the boot of his Jag was half a kilo of heroin and stashed in the spare tyre more than \$200,000 in cash, there may have been less sympathy. As it was, he was bailed on his own recognisance and ordered to appear in the Goulburn court a week hence.

He failed to appear. There would be the matter of an outstanding warrant.

X managed to telephone Boom Boom in Sydney, advising him that his old buddy, Kevin Potter, could not make the party since he was temporarily delayed at the Gosford police station. Boom Boom arrived within an hour. He was less than friendly.

Since NCA are still awaiting legislation allowing the Authority to officially remove fingerprints and photographs of protected witnesses from police files, it may not be appropriate to question why only a token fine was imposed. For the record, though, Mr Kevin Potter was a first offender.

But X's luck was about to terminate. During his absence his flat was raided. It was not the work of any butterfly. Nor, as X knew, that of an experienced breaker. Nothing was stolen and nothing in the flat disturbed except the door — bashed in by a person or persons seemingly in a hurry to surprise the occupant expected to be inside. X departed at speed.

By phone, Boom Boom ordered him to stay away from the flat, named a motel and took off from Sydney with another SWAS man, who tracked their subsequent departure in Kevin Potter's car in case they were followed.

X's freedom was over until much later when the experiment was tried again 4000 kilometres away in Perth. "Boom Boom worried about a possible leak and if so where it may have come from in the system."

From Terrigal X was back on the circuit as before. Relocated to Manly, at four different addresses, he waited out time with his minders before being flown to Adelaide to give evidence at the committal hearing of Moyse and the other four accused.

From day's end until morning, he was guarded by SWAS at different motels and units by the sea at Glenelg and in the Adelaide Hills. Each morning he would be taken to one of Adelaide's four parklands where, in a bullet-proof vest and covered by a blanket in the back seat, he would be escorted in unmarked cars by members of the SA Starforce to court. There, according to X, "From time to time I saw guys who'd want me out of the way for good — waiting, I thought, to see if I'd drop their names."

The identities of all the accused, except Sergi, and of X continued to be hidden

under SA suppression orders, yet the names were common knowledge on the street. Those charged were committed for trial in the Adelaide Supreme Court on a date to be fixed. That was in February, 1988. The Moyse trial would not commence until the following August.

"Bob McDonald received new information about threats on my life," X said. "I was relocated to Canberra and placed under Witsec protection. My new codename was Neptune and with NCA it was Barramundi. My case officer was Henry."

Henry was about the same age and height as X but more rugged and as blunt as a hammer. His face was as expressionless as a billiard ball. The Witsec minders carried different guns — Austrian Gloks, light and undetectable by X-ray, holding 17 in the magazine and one bullet in the chamber.

As the scare of Terrigal faded and his claustrophobia returned, X pleaded again for his round-the-clock protection to be relaxed during the long wait before the main trial. It was, a little. Off the main stream of the capitals, he was relocated across the face of NSW from Wollongong to Newcastle to Wagga Wagga to Albury and elsewhere, with his ever-present company from Witsec. "The guys were mostly young like me, and like me I guess they were human deep down. They knew who I was, what I had been — a night owl, a player, a party person. They knew what my needs were."

"We'd go out nights like a team — two, three, four of us, depending on their shifts — to a club, a disco, a pub, wherever the bands were. We always had a story. We were in computers or we were car salesmen, in real estate, commercial travellers, even fighter pilots ... like, we were all pretty fit-looking and we'd spin them bullshit about jets or any other crap. After a few drinks I'd pick one up and take her back to wherever we were located and they'd leave me alone with that one in a room."

Thus were some of X's more urgent needs catered for. A good many women across the state of NSW are probably still wondering what happened to that Greek lover who came, went and never returned. Among them, a Lotto PR girl in an Albury motel; an aerobics instructor in Newcastle whom X would telephone for service from the safe house, and whom the minders named "Ring-A-Root"; an 18-year-old student in Wollongong who in a short period met not less than 12 different "business friends" sharing the roof of her bedmate; and a Wagga Wagga receptionist.

"I'd be Nick, Joe, Con or Pete as I got into their pants. They never knew." Until Perth.

NCA received information leading them to believe that the four defendants listed

to appear in a separate trial from Moyse intended to enter a guilty plea. If so, X's commitment to NCA would terminate after the Moyse hearing, whatever the result. The time was approaching when the protected witness would be relocated as a new person back into the world, but still with a price on his head. Could he handle it?

They decided to put him to the test only weeks before the trial in Adelaide. X became Mr James Cameron. He was relocated westward as far as they could take him. His car, with new plates and registration, was freighted to Perth on the Indian Pacific. An apartment in Forest Street, Subiaco, was rented for him under J. Cameron. Beeper equipped, he was introduced by Henry to a contact in SAS before the Witsec case officer with whom regular phone contact would be maintained returned to Canberra. James Cameron's ID showed him to be a student. He was enrolled at a TAFE College to study jewellery manufacture.

That was a quaint decision. In Melbourne, before he was recruited by Australia's most wanted fugitive, Esmund Mooseek, into the drug hierarchy, X had busied himself in a financially successful scam involving fake gold watches, bracelets, rings and necklets which, after branding them with an 18-carat jeweller's stamp he'd acquired from some unrecalled quarter, he disposed of as al-

legedly stolen goods "to ethnics" at several times their true value. He still possessed the stamp.

He would have become an attentive pupil, no doubt, if TAFE had not been in temporary recess, a situation that failed to deter X from obtaining wholesale from a Perth warehouse certain goodies of imitation gold should the necessity arise to supplement his meagre allowance. Unfettered in a new environment, X was still struggling to identify with a future lifestyle he could not yet comprehend.

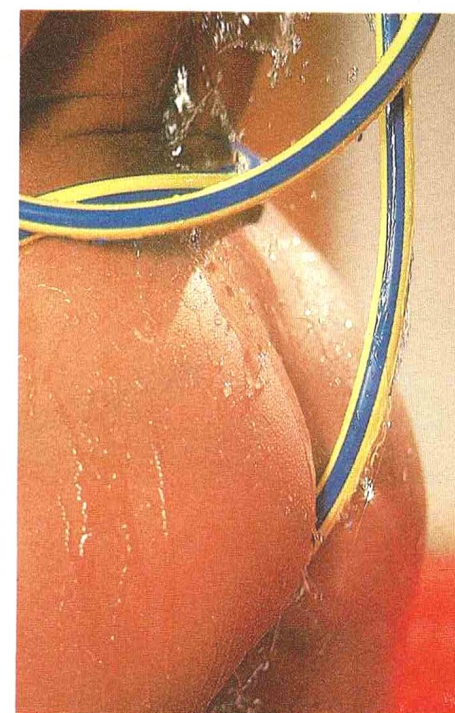
The necessity arose. He met the woman. She liked to party.

Married though separated, she was a friend of the wife of a man from SAS. She fell in love with X and spoke of wedding plans. X bobbed and weaved, telling her that he was an NCA witness involved in an interstate matter as yet unresolved; any thoughts of marriage must thus be put on hold. The leak did not result in dire consequences; it did demonstrate, though, that X was and remains vulnerable when it comes to women. Will he make the same mistake again, and will it be his last?

Shortly after that, danger struck. With a friend called Trevor from an adjoining apartment, X became a regular patron of Limbo's night club at Northbridge, and on the Sunday night concerned the two shared a table there. "I'll never forget it," X

Continued on page 91



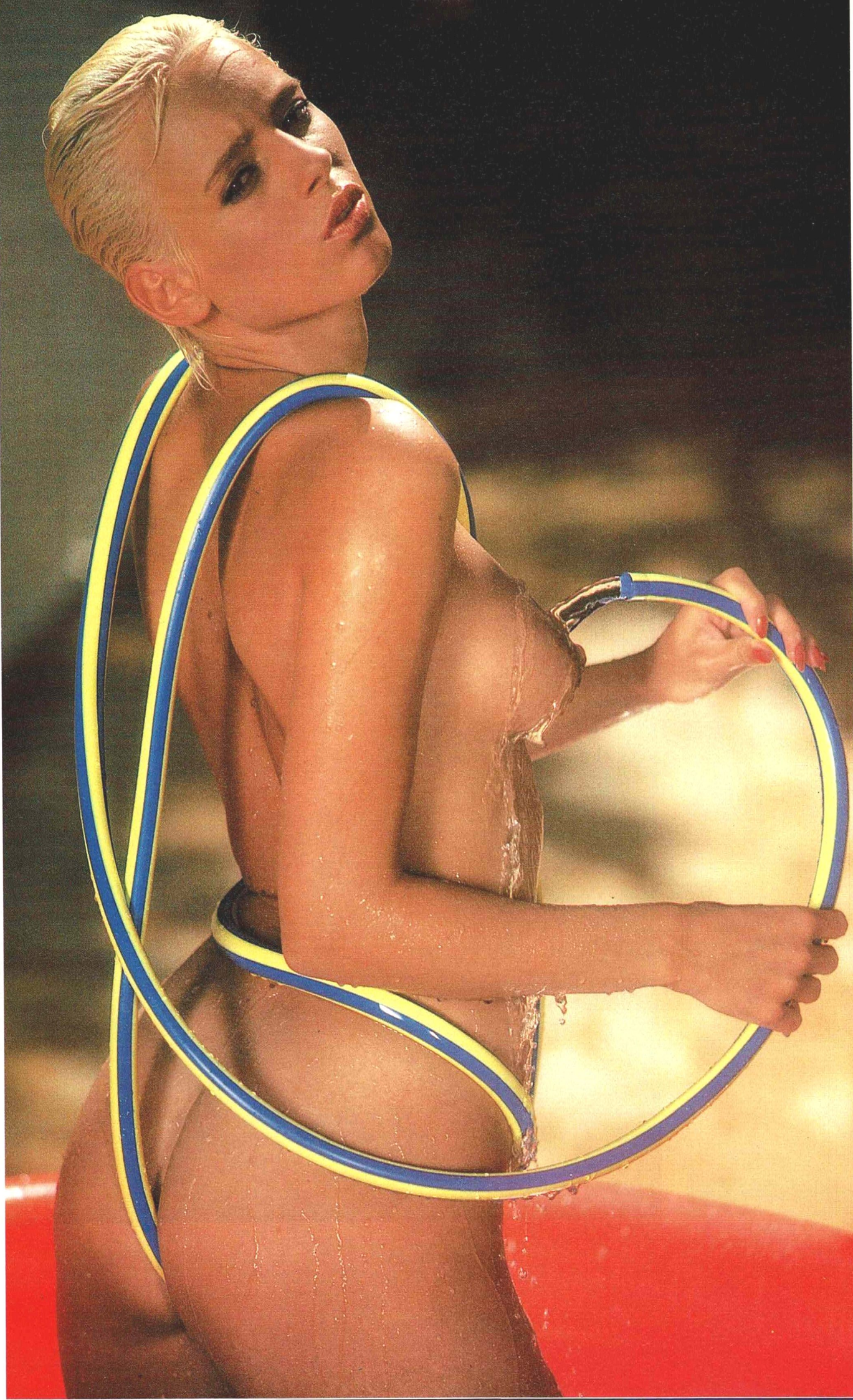


A LA MODE

"Where there's a trend you'll have trendies, I suppose," bemoans lively Stephanie. "But if only people knew how false the fashion world is . . ." Stephanie should know — she's a designer herself. Stylish as she is, Stephanie says she's attracted to a man who can express his individuality. "If I see a designer label on a man, even if it's down to his underpants, I'll turn tail and run," she says.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND





"Men can do themselves a big favor if they realise they can look good without being ostentatious. To see a man with real style, you'd never know how much his paycheck holds."





HEAD HUNTERS

When you kill for the thrill, it's hard to beat bow hunting wild buffalo



WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY WAYNE MILES

Minutes before sunrise, the humid Northern Territory air seems to hug the earth's damp contours. Three hunters, perfectly camouflaged in paramilitary combat fatigues, stalk silently into the paperbarks, their images merging momentarily with the deep shadows, their compound bows held out front, parting the sharp-edged cane grass.

The grumpy pack of razorbacks, sharpening away at their lethal ivory tusks, sense no intrusion. In a single fluid movement a hunter notches and looses an arrow at one thick-skinned beast, aiming for heart or lung penetration through the soft spot behind the front leg. Even in this uncertain light the shaft hits home and the large boar drops instantly. Another springs into the air and charges furiously toward the source of the disturbance. The bowman grits his teeth, focusses mind and body on technique — no panic — and unleashes a second deadly missile. The hog stumbles, then crashes to the ground.



Previous page: It takes an army of bull ants ten days to pick a skull clean in the buffalo's graveyard. These trophies have no commercial value now, but with buff numbers thinning rapidly they could find a market in the near future. Left: Normally the kill is made through the chest, because shoulder and head shots can deflect. This one didn't. Right: The return from a day's hunting. Razorback tusks are used to make jewellery and ornaments. Below right: The silent ritual of decapitation. Below: A movement, an outline, and the hunter notches and looses an arrow in a single fluid movement.



HEAD HUNTERS

Its breathing becomes ragged as it labors under the burden of a pierced heart. The hunters move in for the kill; the animal's eyes roll wildly with each blow from the razor-sharp machetes. Then, with no time to waste, the beasts are ritually beheaded. No one speaks.

Their weapon is one of mankind's oldest, updated to awesome levels of functional integrity — and yet, as in ancient times, it allows no margin for error. While a heavy-calibre bullet fired by a marksman will kill quickly and cleanly, an arrowhead carries little potential to produce haemorrhaging, even at close range. Accuracy is crucial, stalking skills of the essence. The challenge lies in getting as close as possible to the target without disturbing it. A bowhunter would rather make a kill from 10 metres than from 50.

Another time, another place. The sweat-soaked hunters ford deeper into the vast outlands to the east, where the air grows warmer, the vegetation thicker. They are in pursuit of a far more formidable and elusive prey: wild buffalo. Now outlaws of the Territory's Brucellosis and Tuberculosis Eradication Campaign, these gypsies of the land have sought refuge from the airborne terminators in the most inhospitable, inaccessible regions. But determined men, using three-wheeled motorcycles and boats, can still find them.

Very few men dare hunt wild buff with a bow and arrow. It's about as dangerous a hunting assignment as you can get. Buffalo are not the lethargic, benign beasts of popular imagination. A three-quarter tonne bull armed with monstrous horns and mov-





HEAD HUNTERS

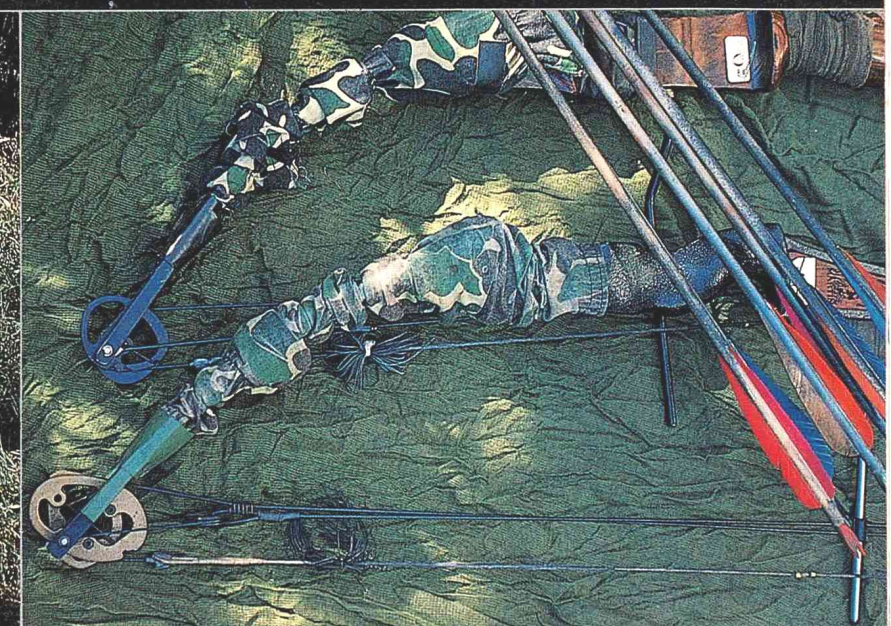
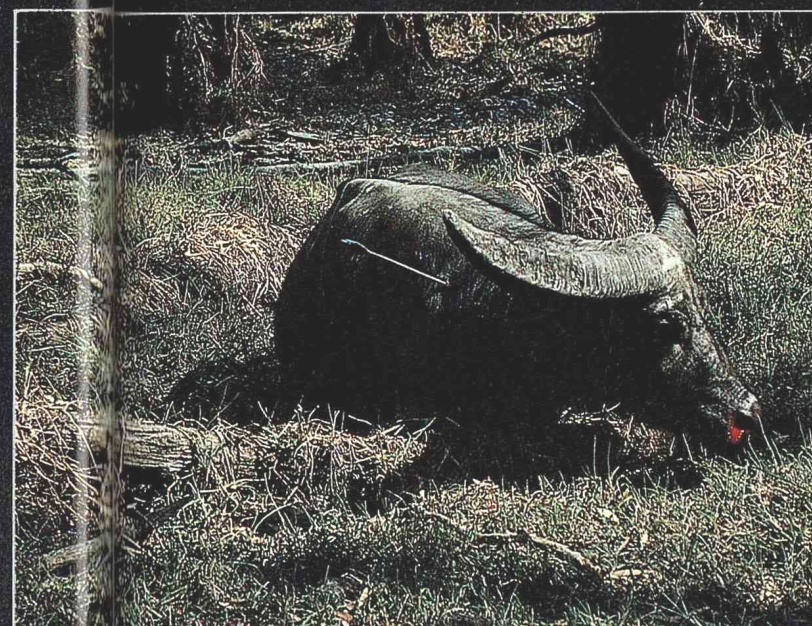
ing at up to 30 km/h can do an awful lot of damage. Both pigs and buffalo can charge full-bore for about 50 metres even after being hit with a lung shot; but whereas a pig will damage you if it gets you, and a goring from its filthy disease-ridden tusks can produce gangrene in a few hours in this sort of country, a buffalo will just run clean over the top of you and trample you to death. It takes two or three accurate arrows to bring one down.

In total silence the head hunters close in on their quarry — a small renegade herd first sighted 200 metres ahead. Unaware of their downwind approach, the animals remain stiff-legged, rooted to the spot. Suddenly the hunters spot a huge bull, the king of the herd, staring intently at them from the paperbark thicket — and then, moved by some primeval instinct, his harem uniformly retreats into the forest.

But the solitary bull majestically stands his ground, issuing a pointed challenge to the intruders. Then an eerie moment of reflection, the hunters and the hunted studying each other's movements, contemplating the reality of imminent death. The angry buff snorts, then mounts a charge, building momentum with every stride. The hunters, bows upraised and focussed on the soft point between the front legs, wait for the animal to close in, knowing well that the instant kill rate is low at any distance. Finally, from 20 metres, they release their barbs almost in unison. A spurt of crimson erupts from deep within the chest; another quivering black arrow penetrates the throat; a third shaft finds the shoulder blade. Still the monstrous buff lunges forward, the speed of his charge undiminished until, finally, he stumbles and crashes to earth, watching in disbelief his own failure. His eyes, now sad and bewildered, gaze hopelessly at the sky. The hunters converge, sharpened steels in hand, to sever the vertebrae just below the neck. Then the macabre ritual of decapitation — a single backhand arch, surprisingly quick and clean.

They have come for the thrill. Still no-one speaks. 

Left: The challenge continues after the kill. A buffalo's head weighs around 50 kilos. Inset left: The arrowheads can be armed with razorblade attachments to produce greater haemorrhaging and cleaner kills — very necessary when the game is buffalo. Top right: A front-on shot between the legs gives best access to the heart-lung area; side-on shots have to be placed between the ribs, which is not easy to do. Top far right: The pulley system used on modern compound bows stores tremendous energy. Right: Stalking skills are the essence of bow hunting.



Wally Lewis

“I said to my Mum and Dad: ‘Was I unplanned or something? Why was I called Wally?’”

PART 2

BY GREG HUNTER

Last month, in Part 1 of the interview, the Queensland and Australian Rugby League captain talked football. He analysed the performance of the Brisbane Broncos last year, named the game's best players, railed at the phenomenal amount of abuse he has received from NSW fans, commentators and some players, defended his involvement in the controversial biography *King Wally*, delivered a serious appraisal of his own abilities and spoke emotionally about the highs and lows of a career rated by some discerning judges as the most illustrious in the history of the game.

In the process Wally demonstrated himself to be almost as good an interview subject as he is a footballer: always candid, always expansive, often funny, and not afraid to put the boot in when the occasion arises. In the second and final instalment of the interview with *Penthouse* Senior Editor Greg Hunter, Lewis rollicks over a diverse range of subjects, including football gamesmanship (for which he has been notorious in the past), random drug testing, New Zealanders, politics, the Phantom, Bob Hawke, heroes and villains, and what it's like to own the most recognised face in Queensland.

Penthouse: Where did you get your maniacal will to win? Did you always have to win as a kid?

Lewis: It's a fear and hatred of losing, more than a will to win. I'm the worst loser in the world. People used to say: "It's not whether you win or lose but how you play the game." I'd always say: "Bullshit. If you don't care whether you win or lose, why bother playing the game?" It's competition, the incentive to win is put in front of you, and I could never understand people who don't try to exploit that to the fullest.

Penthouse: Are you still prepared to do anything on the field, by way of gamesmanship, in order to win?

Lewis: Yeah.

Penthouse: Any confessions to make in that area?

Lewis: Well, a lot of times I've tried to coach referees into decisions. I still do that. I believe every bloke on the field tries to do it; maybe I do it in different ways and try to voice my opinions. As to the other things... well, I could tell you a funny one. Last year we were playing Penrith at Penrith in the second round. Greg Alexander put a grubber kick into the in-goal area and Chris Mortimer was easily going to win the race for the ball because he was in just the right position. It was a certain four points to them. The referee was a bloke with a very deep, loud voice. Anyway, as Chris was running past me — he had number 4 on his back — I yelled out to him in a deep voice: "Offside number 4, stay out of it." He turned around and said, "Oh, fuck, I'm onside" — and by that time our fullback

had run across and grabbed the ball. Chris was still looking at the referee, and as I ran past him I said: "So stay out of it, number 4." He just looked at me and shook his head and sort of laughed and said: "You fucking thing."

Penthouse: Is it fair enough for you to use your prestige as Wally Lewis, Australian captain, to try and influence referees?

Lewis: I don't use my position — I do it as captain of the team. I believe it's a very important part of a captain's role. And I don't do it all that often; I might do it once in a couple of weeks, and in the next game half a dozen times. Sometimes I'll just instinctively yell out: "Offside" and the referee might get the shits and I'll go: "Oh, sorry. I'll shut my mouth." But mainly I'm just voicing an opinion, which I'm entitled to do as captain.

Penthouse: Would you take any responsibility for the riotous can throwing incident at Lang Park last year in the second State of Origin, after you'd questioned the referee's decision to send Greg Conescu to the sin bin after an all-in brawl?

Lewis: None whatsoever. The NSW touch judge came on and said Conescu started the whole incident by getting up and belting a bloke. Actually, Conescu dived on the ball and was lying on the ground when a NSW player belted him. I said four words: "He [Conescu] had the ball." I kept on saying the same thing and I got five minutes in the can — everyone thought it was for ar-



PHOTO COURTESY PHOTOBANK/ALLSPORT

Wally Lewis

guing, but the ref actually said I'd come running into the fight and that's why I was sin-binned. I wasn't aware until after the game that the cans got thrown. Some bloke from Sydney rang me the next day and said: "You'd have to admit you were totally responsible for last night's can throwing incident." He accused me of inciting the brawl and I ended up saying, "You're fucking kidding", and he hadn't told me this was going to air — he just said he wanted to ask me a few questions. They put shit on me for two or three days after that, and it was about the only time I really started to feel pressure. I rang Wayne Bennett and told him I'd had a gutful, that I couldn't take any more of it, that the next bloke who asked me about it, I'd smack him fair in the gob...

Penthouse: I'm glad you've got a broken arm now, in that case.

Lewis: I don't feel responsible for it, I didn't then, and if the same thing happened tomorrow I'd react in exactly the same way — I'd run in and help a teammate who was on the ground getting shit beat out of him.

Penthouse: Your toughness is not in question — no-one plays half a Test match with a broken arm unless they're tough — but there have been seasons where it seemed you had 20 suspected serious in-

juries in the one year, but you'd always turn up for training and it would turn out okay. Ray Price was accused of "grandstanding" in *King Wally*; were you ever guilty of the same, or was it more a matter of every time Wally Lewis stubbed his toe, the Queensland media would make a story out of it?

Lewis: Yeah, I think it was more so that. A couple of years ago the Press would come in after a game and I'd be really sore and say: "Oh, I've done this..." After a while even the blokes in my own team would say: "Oh, Wally's broken his arm again" or nose or whatever. Maybe once or twice I might've exaggerated how bad it was — but I never thought: "I'm going to bung this thing on." I used to take a few dives, but it wasn't to fake an injury — it was to try and grab a penalty. Many times I've had a lesser injury than someone else, but in the paper the next morning I was the one injured and the other bloke wasn't even mentioned.

Penthouse: Why did you decide to stop taking dives?

Lewis: One referee at one stage said to me: "If you'd stayed on your feet I'd have given you a penalty — but you hit the deck." I snapped after the game and said: "You're fucking kidding. If he hits me late, it's a penalty. It's got nothing to do with what I do afterwards. The only reason I've hit the deck to start with is because you blokes won't blow the whistle." He

grabbed me one day, this bloke, and said: "Listen, I can tell you that the whole lot of the referees have decided not to blow the whistle if you hit the deck, because it'll be seen as a dive." So it didn't matter if a bloke belted me, broke my nose, broke my jaw — if I hit the deck, I wasn't going to get a penalty. He said: "That's about it." This was around 1980. It was just after I'd had my jaw broken and broke my nose six times in seven weeks. On only one occasion — one of the broken noses — a bloke got sent off for it.

Penthouse: So you had to stay on your feet no matter what you were hit with?

Lewis: In the end, that's how it was.

Penthouse: Are you still into sledging opposing players?

Lewis: That was something labelled on me that I really disagreed with. I reckon the last time I sledged a bloke would have been 1980. I mean, a couple of times in the course of a game, a bloke will have a go at you and you'll give him a mouthful back — but that's nothing like the stuff the Balmain blokes do every week. They'd call you a cat and a faggot and tell you can't play and spit on you and all that sort of shit. They were the team that was accused of doing that all the time — one bloke in particular.

Penthouse: Is this going to be your last season?

Lewis: I think so. I've got two years of my contract left, but this arm has virtually en-

sured I'll only play one more. I've seen a lot of players who've gone one season too many.

Penthouse: A lot of footballers find it hard to picture life without football. Can you?

Lewis: Well, I've got two young boys. I'm going to miss it for a few years, but a lot of other players have been able to accept it and I don't see why I shouldn't be able to. Especially with my job — I'm still going to be heavily involved with sport and reporting on it, and I think that will help me to accept not playing any more. I won't be captain-coach of Boollaweela at the age of 40 or anything like that.

Penthouse: You've got arthritis already. Do you think you're going to pay dearly for your football career?

Lewis: I may do. I'm going to have arthritis in both shoulders, one knee and my arm. I expect to be creaking around a bit. But I've got no regrets about it and I'm prepared to accept anything that comes out of it.

Penthouse: Are you concerned about a repeat of the Mal Meninga saga with your arm?

Lewis: I won't be thinking about it when I take the field. But it's obviously a worry, and if I break it in the first or second game that'll be it — I'll just pull the plug straight away. I admire Mal for being able to come back so many times, but there's no way I'd put myself through the same thing again.

Penthouse: Will it be tough to get fit enough with the arm in plaster?

Lewis: It's not going to stop me from running.

Penthouse: So the Phantom will rise to the occasion, against the odds? How does the Ghost Who Walks fit in, anyway?

Lewis: I got involved with the Phantom when I was about ten. Mum and Dad always used to read Phantom comics, and I read them. I started collecting them and I've got about 500 now.

Penthouse: You're not one of these guys who thinks the Phantom is real?

Lewis: No. I'm pretty good mates with the bloke who runs the Phantom Club in Queensland, John Henderson. I mean, they're fucking mad. I don't get quite as carried away as they do. But I love reading the Phantom. It's just the way he gets into these situations he can't possibly get out of, and he just finds a different way every time to escape trouble, and you just shake your head and think: "Jesus, here we go again."

Penthouse: You don't picture yourself dressed as the Phantom, like Henderson does?

Lewis: No. They got me to do it once, and I said: "That's it — no more."

Penthouse: How much will it mean to you if the Broncos can win the premiership this year?

Lewis: That would be the ultimate fairy tale ending. It's the only thing I've got left to achieve in football.

Penthouse: Is it on the cards?

Lewis: Well, we've certainly got the

players to achieve that goal. We know by the way we went last year that we can certainly make the five. That, coupled with our new signings, will mean we're a good chance of being a threat.

Penthouse: On last year's trip to New Zealand for the World Cup Final some radio jocks there tried to publicly humiliate you before the game by asking on air: "Do you know what 'Wally' means over here?"

Lewis: They also said on air: "Who are you, anyway? You're supposed to be someone famous. We'll just phone some people in Australia and see if they know who you are." It was six or seven in the morning over there so they obviously weren't ringing Australia — it would have been four in the morning here. They phoned about a dozen people and said: "Have you ever heard of Wally Lewis?" and they said no. I didn't react to the whole thing at all — our plan was not to react to criticism and let them pat themselves on

“
We knew they
were going to try to
bash the shit out of us early,
so I told the players
to cop every whack
in the gob
”

the back all week about what a great side they had and how they were entitled to be favorites and so on. We knew they were going to try to bash the shit out of us early, so I told the players to cop every whack in the gob; I told them I didn't want to see anyone try to smash through a tackle — just take the ball up and fall over. That would mean we'd make no errors and they wouldn't be able to take any cheap shots because we'd hit the deck too quickly, so they'd get frustrated... Until the 22nd minute we didn't make one mistake, we were up 12-0 or something and the game was half over. I tried ringing those two radio blokes after we'd won the game, but the station said they were too busy. So there's a picture in the local paper of me holding the phone with a bewildered look on my face, saying: "Who are they, anyway?"

Penthouse: Do you think, in the light of all this, that New Zealanders are suffering from a massive inferiority complex?

Lewis: I believe they are. They're always putting shit on Australia, but Sydney's their third biggest city or whatever. In other places it might be Irish jokes — but

they have Australian jokes. I used to say: "How the fuck can you put shit on us? You're living in a country where petrol costs two or three times as much as in Australia, your economy is absolutely rooted — and most of your population's flocking to Australia. If it's that bad a place, why are you all going there?" They'd say: "Oh, just to take your money." They all want to come over and take our money.

Penthouse: Do you ever regret not playing Rugby Union long enough to represent Australia against the All Blacks?

Lewis: Not at all. I liked watching Union when Mark Ella was playing, because he always wanted to run the ball. But I can't watch it now. They get out there and snort and rant and rave, charge down to kill the bloke who catches the ball, he kicks it out and all the aggression's gone. But I enjoyed the time I had in Union and the skills it taught people. I didn't do much kicking in Union; I think the only thing I got out of it was the pass.

Penthouse: How do you psyche up for a game?

Lewis: I don't. Wayne Bennett is very big on the mental approach and he's hell-bent on getting the younger blokes really worked up before every game — but at my age I don't get into psyching too much. I'm great mates with Fatty Vautin and we always do this ridiculous Three Stooges handshake where you shake the other bloke's foot. I said to Fatty before the first game of the season against Manly that we'd do the handshake out in the middle of Lang Park. I went to do it and he shit himself because he thought Bobby Fulton [Manly coach] might be watching. He wouldn't do it... Anyway, Bennett realises I've been in the game long enough now to know what I've got to do to make sure I'm in the right frame of mind.

Penthouse: Some people, including former St George coach Roy Masters, have claimed the random drug testing system is a farce because so few players are tested. Is it a farce?

Lewis: Well, I think drugs went out in Rugby League ten years ago anyway.

Penthouse: You don't know of anyone using steroids?

Lewis: The last bloke I heard of using steroids was Graeme Olling [former Parramatta forward who went public on steroids in the early Seventies]. I mean, it's the sort of game now where players can't afford to be too big; they've got to be very agile. I haven't heard of anybody for years and years.

Penthouse: What about stimulants, particularly amphetamines? Know anyone using them?

Lewis: Nope. If they are, they keep it pretty much to themselves. I know there's nobody in the Broncos using them. The drug testing gives you the shits because you can't piss after a game, because all

Continued on page 113



Distressing moves are afoot to take the dick out of dictionary

Mankind is doomed to extinction. If the following report is to be believed, mankind is soon to be replaced in all official language by personkind. We will all have to learn to be non-discriminatory, to the last man. Whoops.

The following documents are said to have emanated — sorry, epersonated — from the Office of the Status of Wo-persons, and comprise an official report, containing recommendations on how best to improve our language.

Is it genuine? Decide for yourself.

OFFICE OF THE STATUS OF WOPERSONS SEXISM IN AUSTRALIA

After studying the available information, it is clear that there must be personifold changes to the personifesto of the government, in its stance towards Person's issues.

These changes are personatory and this personual is intended as a guide to implementing these changes.

OCCUPATIONS

Discrimination in the workplace must end. From now on everyone will have to be totally indiscriminate, which is good news for those of you who weren't all that fussy to start with.

Fishermen will become fisherpersons, and aldermen will become alderpersons. The term "bushman" is also out. In future Crocodile Dundee should be referred to as a bushperson.

Seamen will be seapersons, policemen will be pigpersons and repairmen will be late as usual. Avon ladies will wear comfortable brown shoes and use a deep voice. And Bob's your uncle. Or aunt.

Postpersons will definitely no longer carry the mail. They will carry the androgynous.

And there will be no more manholes either. Telecom will have to find other ways to fix their underground cables.

Every huperson being in the Person Race should be addressed by their proper title. In business, due to Affirmative Action, the "chairperson" of the board is now a common appellation, but we recommend that the government should now seek to introduce Personaging Directors and that Personnel Personagers should be put in charge of each company's personpower.

This principle of non-discrimination should also apply to the portrayal of wopersons as subordinate to persons, in terms such as *lady doctor*. "Lady doctors" should be replaced with non-sexist terms such as "doctors who are every bit as good as other doctors."

This rule will also apply to expressions such as "male prostitute", which implies that most prostitutes are women (even though this is true).

Facts can be sexist too.

In future, male prostitutes will be called "sexist prostitutes" and female prostitutes will be called "non-sexist prostitutes."

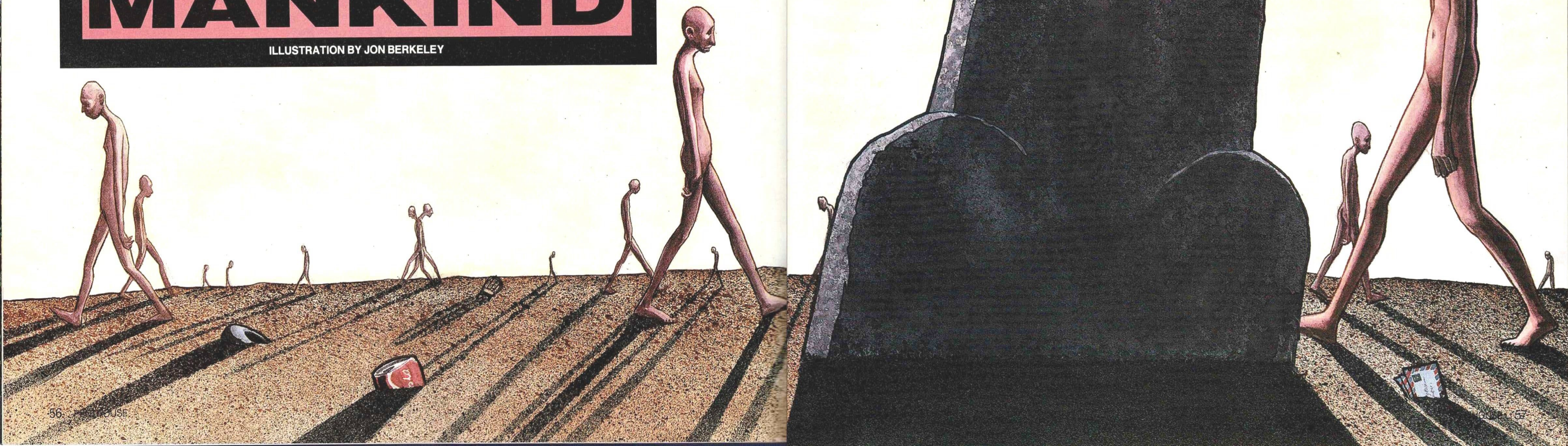
However, gunmen will still be gunmen because only men are violent.

CULTURE

It is hoped that in the long term we can remove all sexism from our culture. For example, future editions of one of Morris West's classic novels will be reprinted as *Shoes Of The Fisherperson. A Town Like Alice* will become *A Town Like Nigel. The Man*

THE END OF MANKIND

ILLUSTRATION BY JON BERKELEY



MANKIND

From Snowy River will become *The Horseperson From Snowy River*.

Anti-discriminatory laws should extend to common metaphors and language. For example, the sea will no longer be a cruel mistress. She will be a cruel Ms.

When a boat is in trouble passengers will no longer be able to man the lifeboats. They will person the lifeboats. (Wopersons and children first, of course.)

The new laws will apply to rock music as well. In future persons will be required to listen to non-sexist performers like Tracy Chapperson on their Sony Walkpersons. The Uncanny X-Men will become The Uncanny X-People but there's no guarantee that they'll sound any better.

On the other hand, AC/DC will receive a grant from the Equal Opportunities Commission.

I am afraid to inform you that we will no longer be able to go "Waltzing Matilda." We'll go "Waltzing Damien" and see how he likes it. All together now:

"Once a jolly swagperson, decamped by a watercourse..."

RELIGION

The Church will be required to accept the weight of change. Sexism in religion is just another example of person's inhupersonity to person.

On Sundays we will not sing hymns, we will sing hymns and hers. There will also be amendments made to sexist passages in the Bible. God is no longer a "He." He is a Superior Person. The Lord's Prayer becomes the Superior Person's Prayer.

For ever and ever. A-persons.

There will be no more priests or nuns. Priests will be called Parent, and not Father, and the Virgin Mary will be just Mary thankyou, and she will no longer be forced to reveal medical information of such a highly sensitive nature under new Civil Rights Legislation.

The Virgin Birth will henceforth be known as The Ultimate Homebirth.

PLACES

Place names will be changed in accordance with the new regulations. For example, Dirk Hartog Island will become Dirk and Mrs Hartog Island. Or rather, Dirk and Ms Hartog Island. Or perhaps, just The Hartogs'.

Sydney, which is a boy's name, will become Lyndsay, which can be either.

Mosman will become Mosperson, the Manly Ferry will be rechristened the Personly Ferry and no-one will be allowed to Mount Isa without her consent. And then only in a caring and sensitive way.

Developers have made a commitment that there will be no more virgin bush after 1992.

Discrimination will extend to color and sexual preference, in the cities and be-

yond The Stump. For example, Blacktown will become Greytown, Fairy Meadow will become just Meadow with a bit of a lisp, and Queenscliff will be renamed Cliff but will have to have a blood test every couple of months.

SPORT

Sex discrimination should be discouraged in sport although we would oppose any suggestion to force Billie Jean King and Martina Navratilova to play in the Men's Doubles. Or rather the Persons' Doubles. As distinct from the Mixed Doubles, which will now be renamed the Persons' Doubles, and the Women's Doubles, which will also be called the Persons' Doubles.

We hope that's clear.

In Rugby League, Manly will be allowed to keep their name but will have to play like women. There will also be new rules prohibiting playing the man. Players will have

“
In the end
no-one will know
whether they're Arthur or
Martha. Which is really
the whole point of
the exercise.
”

to play the person or risk spending the rest of the game a person short.

In cricket Merv Hughes will not be allowed to bowl any more maidens — not that he often has — and in future Alan Border will have to field at third person.

ZOOLOGY

Discrimination laws will be extended to the animal queendom. Despite objections from the environmentalists we will be making all lionesses and tigresses extinct. They will have their -esses removed in a painless operation known as an ess-terectomy. They will then be simply known as lions and tigers. The same as non-female lions and tigers. And they will not be referred to as animals, please.

Only men are animals.

Mares will be female horses, except when they are mayoresses, when they will be called mayors. And if a ewe's one of us, we recommend that she becomes an it, the same as a he.

At a stroke, we have also obliterated the danger from man-eating sharks. Pointers and whalers will now be referred to as non-discriminatory carnivores.

Darwin residents will no longer have to worry about being stung by Portuguese Men Of War. In future the only danger will be from Ethnic Jellypersons Of Non-Violent Protest.

RECOMMENDATIONS

It has been found from our studies that even the terms "men" or "women" can be deemed offensive. Therefore we recommend the establishment of two entirely new categories. Those with a sexist object between their legs should be known as Persons, and those without a sexist object between their legs should be known as Caring Human Beings.

Men should be allowed to have babies and in return will be allowed to share the pleasure of watching totally incomprehensible tampon ads about fluffing.

However, only women will catch Herpes. Men will be afflicted with Himpes. And so they should be.

Sex changes should be available to all, and be totally refundable on Medicare.

As a sign of good faith on the part of the Person's Movement, a jockstrap will feature for the first time this year in the summer collection by Laura Ashley.

Finally it is hoped that in the end no-one will know whether they're Arthur or Martha. Which is really the whole point of the exercise.

OTHER KINDS OF DISCRIMINATION

It is affirmed that language should not discriminate on the basis of financial status, age or religion. It is recommended that the poor in future be known as "persons who prefer not to own a late model car."

Old people will be referred to as "pre-1925 persons."

Jews will be "non-pork consumers." And Catholics will be distinguished from Anglicans and Protestants by the non-inflammatory terms: "blood drinkers" and "non-blood drinkers."

CONCLUSION

Other proposed changes should be treated with caution. For example, renaming the Women's Movement the Person's Movement or changing the Office of the Status of Women to the Office of the Status of People is just another transparent example of male prejudice.

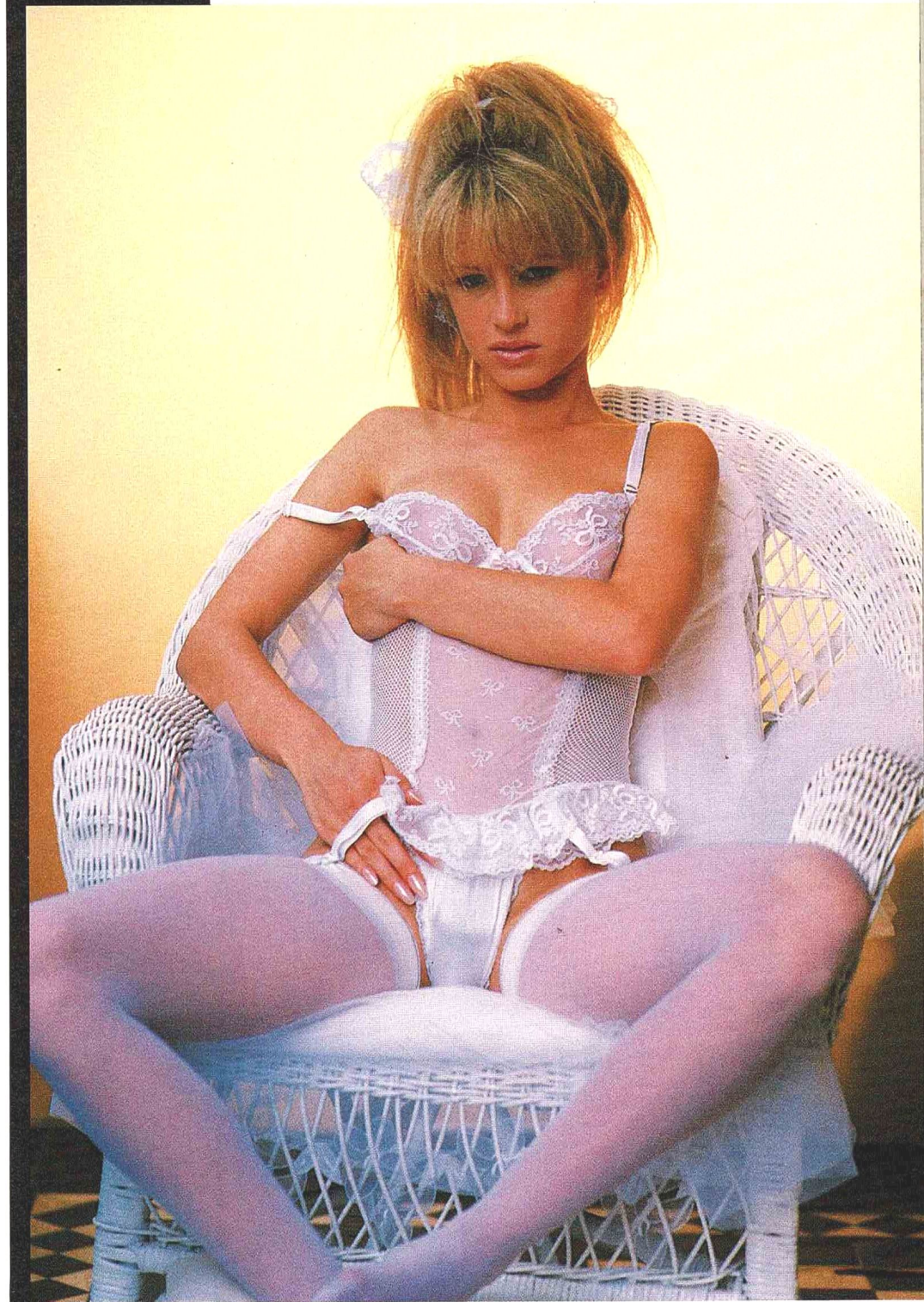
Furthermore, we see no reason to change the she-oak to an it-oak, heritage to personitage, heroism to personoism. This, in our view, is petty (not like manhole at all).

However, manipulative and manoeuvre will be allowed to remain as only males are exploitative.

Of course, some people have said that the debate has become personifestly ridiculous but these detractors are mostly persons, so we wo-persons are going to ignore them.

They're only fucking men anyway. ☐

Hair, makeup and styling by Susan Daub; Suit by Risk; Lingerie by Undies & Things; Lace skirt by Zazimova, (02) 264 2901; Shot on location at The Pensione, Newtown.



ANGIE



ANGEL

Stunning Sydneysider Angie Burton is interested in one direction — up. Angie may at first give the impression of shyness, but she's not particularly shy about her immediate ambitions. "Straight to Hollywood to win fame and fortune," she says. And with looks as fetching as hers, these dreams can't be too far-fetched...

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

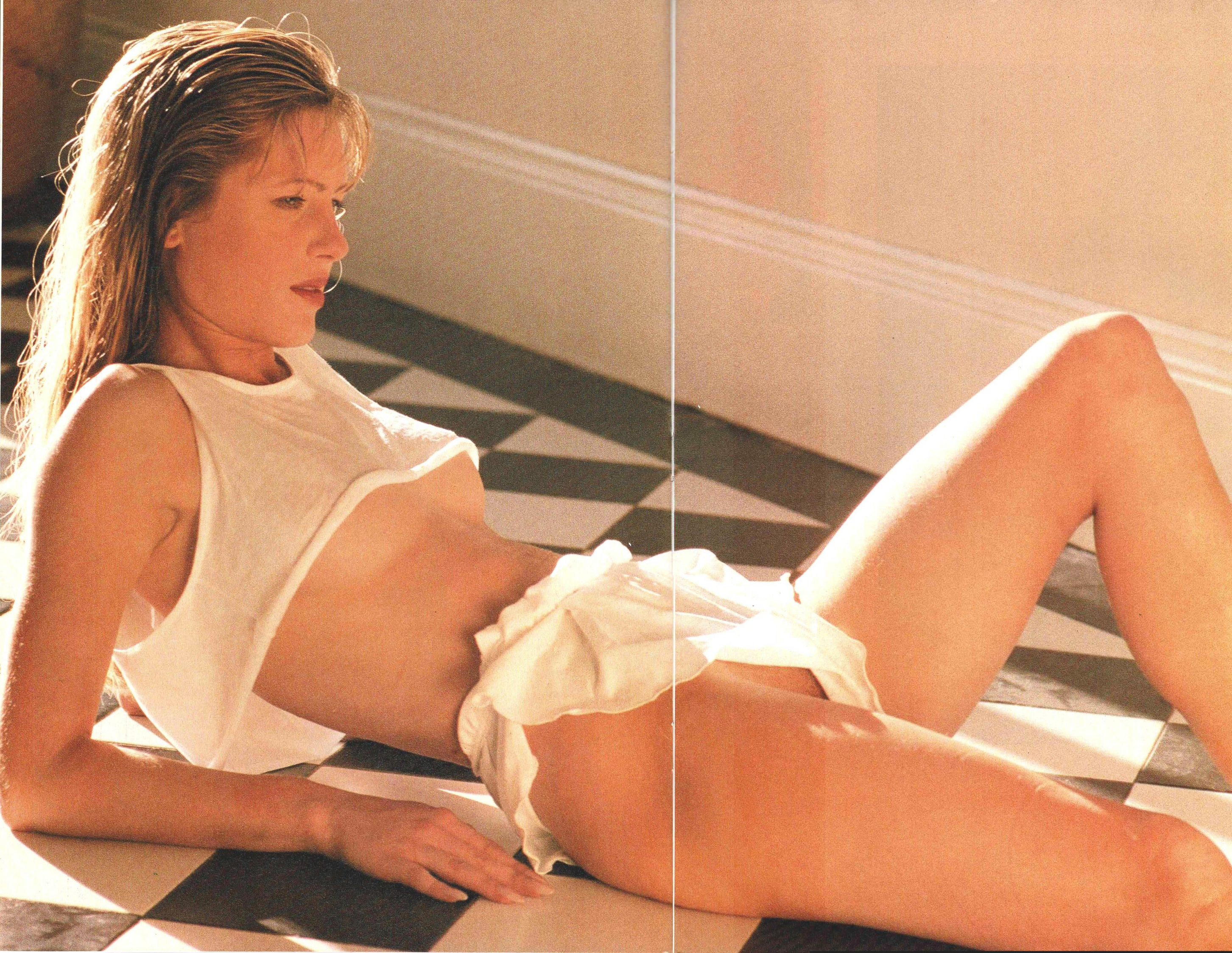


Angie, 21, loves the quiet life. She's into dinner-and-the-movies, horse-riding and skiing. "But you couldn't say I was the romantic type," she says.





"The romantic type of men bore me too easily," she grins. "I'm a bit more exciting than that."



"I'm interested in guys
who can look after me.
I'd rather find out about
their dollar signs than
their star signs."



This *Penthouse* shoot was Angie's introduction to the modelling world, but, as she says, it's the sort of attention she could get used to.





At the moment Angie is studying modelling and acting in preparation for the Big Break. "You never know what will turn up — but when it does, I want to be ready."







BY CHAN KENG SIEW

c
h
i
n
e
s
e

What secrets lie behind the contented smiles of the venerable Chinese elders as they watch their children go forth and multiply?

Read their folktales, visit an apothecary, or talk to any mother and they will tell you of their love potions, some of which date back to the first Chinese medical text, *The Yellow Emperor's Inner Classic*, which is over 2000 years old. Despite this long medical history, the Western world is only now beginning to discover what the Chinese have known since the legendary Shen Nong, God of Husbandry, began gathering herbs.

As dynasties have passed, thousands of medicinal substances, including those of mineral, plant, animal and human origin, have been integrated into the Chinese *Materia Medica*. And since the Communist Revolution in 1949, when the use of traditional medicine was encouraged, more sub-

l
o
v
e

Ever

wondered

why the

Chinese

have the

largest

population

in the

world?

stances, which were only mentioned in folklore, have come to be accepted.

In the Ming Dynasty *Art Of The Bedchamber*, Tung Hsuan Tzu recommends the application of a paste, made from the liver secretions of a white dog born on the first moon of the year, to the gentleman's "Jade Stem." A three-inch increase in length is the incredible result.

With tales like this, it is not surprising to learn that Chinese medicine has its roots in magic. Today, although not taken completely seriously, these tales are still used as a basis for the treatment of, among other things, a jaded stem.

The list of aphrodisiacs which can be found in the modern Chinese pharmacopoeias is extensive, but by no means exhaustive, for no doubt even now there are many latter-day Tung Hsuan Tzus beaver away for the cause of science.

p
o
t
i
o
n
s

ILLUSTRATION BY GORDON FITCHETT

love potions



Most people in the West these days are familiar with Ginseng (Ren Shen), and it is regarded as something of a panacea, because it helps the kidneys replenish the body's store of Qi, the vital energy. The Chinese believe that this Qi — which also means "breath" — is the essential life force of the universe. Inherited Qi is stored in the kidneys; however, it can also be extracted from the foods we eat and the air we breathe. As such, Ginseng is best taken on a regular basis as a long-term boost to vitality.

The best and most expensive Ginseng traditionally comes from the mountains of Korea, but it is difficult to obtain this wild herb outside Korea. The Korean Government exercises strict quality control over the cultivated variety, which, after processing, retails in Australia for about \$40 per liang (38 gms).

The Ginseng grown in China is traditionally dug up at midnight during a full moon, for it is then at its most potent. This man-shaped root (Ren Shen means man-root) extracts so much vital energy from the earth that no plant will be able to grow in the spot for up to ten years afterwards.

There is also an American species of Ginseng which for many years has been exported to China. The native variety is very expensive and during processing is often adulterated with other drugs. Younger plants have their roots cured in rock candy to become white Ginseng, while the roots of the older plants are steamed and turn into red Ginseng.

Ginseng can be taken by itself or in combination with other herbs. It is available in its raw form, in ampoules or as pills. Metal containers are never used in its preparation, and it is generally advisable to refrain from eating fruit or drinking tea, as these diminish its effect.



Another expensive drug, more closely associated with male potency, is the velvet of young stag antlers (Lu Rong). Much favored by the Koreans, this drug, which has

sweet, salty and warm properties, tonifies the kidneys and blood, and fortifies the body's stock of Yang, the male essence.

The taste of herbs in Chinese medicine is associated with their therapeutic qualities. Salty substances are purgatives and sweet substances are tonics — or ones that nourish.

Stag antlers are often prescribed for "involuntary nocturnal emissions" and impotence, and are said to be effective within a few days of commencing treatment.

The fresh blood and secretions of a



freshly cut antler are much sought after. However, antlers which are still covered by velvet and have dried blood still visible in the cartilage are almost as highly valued. A pair of antlers in Hong Kong costs \$A100.

The temperature properties of substances refer to the belief that some diseases are "hot" while others are "cold." Hot diseases have to be cooled and cold diseases warmed. This concept of the twin opposites is expressed in the familiar Chinese philosophical terms of Yin and Yang. While Yang represents the male "positive" energy, and produces light, warmth and fullness, Yin is the female "negative" force of darkness and coldness. However, every man has elements of Yin, and likewise, every woman has a certain amount of Yang.

Problems are caused by Yin and Yang imbalances, and Chinese medicines serve to restore the harmony.

Most of the substances which are said to be aphrodisiacs are Yang tonics — ie they redress Yang deficiencies. And because the kidneys are the storers of primordial Yang energy, these tonics are used for their warming qualities on excessively Yin kidneys. The Chinese also believe that the kidneys control the loins and lumbar regions of the body.

The following herbs are examples of Yang tonifiers.



The Chinese Caterpillar Fungus (Dong Chong Xia Ciou) parasitizes the larvae of various insects, and its shape makes the grub appear to have an enormous erect phallus.

The carcass of the grub and its giant "dong" are often mixed with chicken and cooked to make a revitalising soup. And because it replenishes the body's balancing female Yin energy as well, it is fairly safe to use over long periods.



The fleshy stem of the Broom Rape (Rou Cong Rong) is by the sound of it also known to the witches of the West. This herb was originally believed to have sprouted from the semen of wild stallions, and its literal English translation is "willing flesh." The herb works on the kidneys and large intestines and also has sweet, salty and warm properties. It is sometimes combined with cannabis seeds to make a laxative, usually for elderly people.



Epimedium (Yin Yang H'uo), which is a species of Barrenwort, also has an interesting translation: "licentious goat weed." Prices start at \$2 per liang.

The parts that grow above the ground contain the active ingredients, and as well as enhancing sexual prowess, Epimedium boosts sperm production — so you'll be fertile as well as frisky.

When tested on animals, it apparently increases the frequency of copulation.

Although it is a common ingredient in spring wine, or Chinese medicinal wine, the herb, if used as a major component in a concoction, should not be taken for prolonged periods, as it can cause dizziness and vomiting.



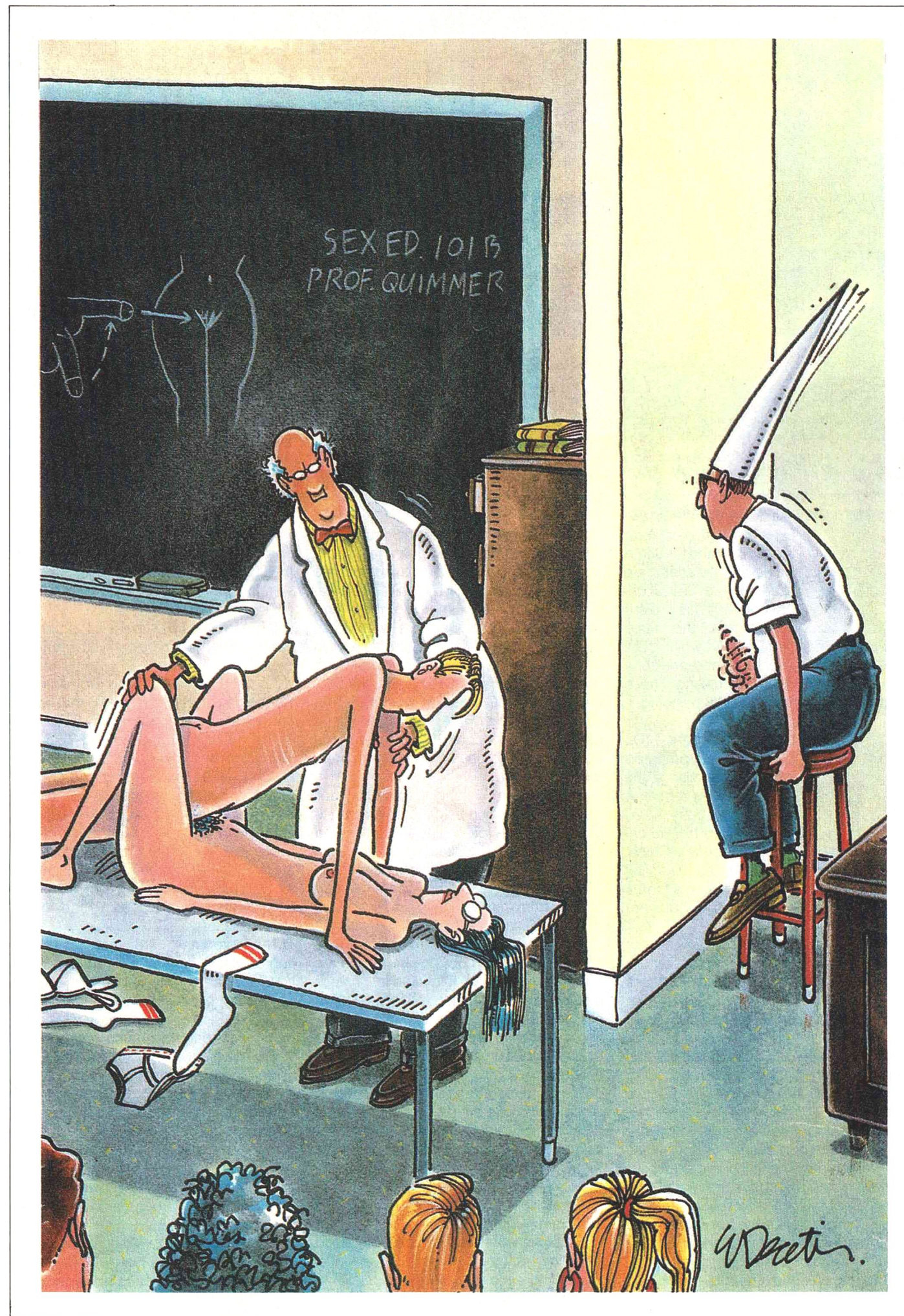
Another root, this time that of the Morinda plant (Ba Ji), is an all-rounder, and is also prescribed for weak backs, premature ejaculation and urinary incontinence, and for infertility in women. It is combined with Broom Rape to treat impotence and spermatorrhea, and costs \$4.50 per liang.



The properties of the Scuffy Pea (Bu Gu Zhi) are known throughout the East. It is used in Iran, India and Malaysia, as well as China, where it is first mentioned in *Grandfather Lei's Discussions Of Herb Preparation*. Again it is used for premature ejaculation and nocturnal emissions, and in women removes menstrual disorders.



The Dodder seed (Tu Si Zi) is another herb used to treat impotence, and it also improves eyesight — voyeurs take note. The seed is a gentle drug with few toxic side-effects, and reputedly prevents miscarriages in women. It is a tonic for both the kidneys and liver, and can be combined with deer velvet when there is deficient kidney Yang.





Phuoc Thang Tran — man of a thousand herbs

Love Potions



Black Cardamon (Yi Zhi Ren) is a native of North Vietnam and South China and its seeds are used to treat Yang deficiencies. This plant comes from the same family as turmeric and ginger, which both have medicinal properties, and are common spices used in Asian cooking. These seeds are fairly cheap at \$1.80 per liang.



Eucommia bark (Du Zhong) in its prepared form looks similar to the shed skin of a reptile. It retails for about \$3.00 per liang and has its origins in Central China. This substance is sometimes used by women as a sedative for a restless foetus and it is also rumored to prevent miscarriages.

Apart from Ginseng, which is readily available over the counter at most Chinese stores, these herbs are usually only prescribed by Chinese herbalists for specific problems. All of these substances are known to traditional Korean and Japanese herbalists and there is a corresponding name for each in their respective languages.

There are also some foods which are known as aphrodisiacs to both Chinese and Westerners. These include seafoods, such as lobsters and oysters, garlic and honey. Peaches are also recommended, as the Chinese regard the furry cleft of the fruit to be symbolic of the vagina, and its sweet juices to be the vaginal secretions.

Other more exotic aphrodisiacs include sea horses steeped in wine, and the genitalia of various unfortunate mammals

such as sea lions, dogs, deer and tigers. The penis of a tiger is much sought after, the example shown retailing for \$A7500 in Hong Kong.

The fact that many of the prescribed remedies are phallic in appearance, or are the actual genitals of animals, contributes much to the Chinese belief in their sexual properties. Some examples of these sort of associations include the walnut as brain-food, and chicken gizzard as a tonic for the stomach. This belief system, which is still strong today, dates back to the Second Century BC where it was written in *Prescriptions For Fifty-Two Ailments* that acne could be treated by powder made from the ground cheekbone of a smooth-faced horse.

Shark fin, like Ginseng, is something of a general tonic which helps to promote sexual vigor. Prices for the fins start at around \$30 and increase according to size. Shark's fin soup is commonly served in Chinese restaurants, and can be purchased from most Chinese grocery stores for about \$20 for a 430g tin.

Sadly, the fabled aphrodisiac properties of the rhinoceros horn are nothing more than that — a myth. It is used in Chinese medicine in combination with other herbs, but generally, not as a stimulant. If only rhinos could speak, they could have told us and saved themselves from near extinction.

The Chinese are also familiar with the properties of the dried secretion from the preputial follicles of the musk deer. It is said to open orifices as well as to revive the body's senses. Like everyone else, they smear it on their bodies to attract other sexually active human beings, and presumably musk deer.

Substances which invigorate the blood or which "unblock" blood-flow are also thought to enrich sexual prowess. Some examples of these tonics include Chinese cockroaches, the scales of pangolin,

cockle shells, leeches and flying squirrel droppings. In recent years these have, understandably, become less popular. Human placenta was once also esteemed, but again, tastes seem to be changing.

Next time you go for a picnic, toss a gecko on the barbie. This inoffensive little lizard is stalked and eaten whole by elderly gentlemen in China for its effects on their geriatric genitals. Gecko can also be used in combination with Korean red ginseng.

The most unfortunate creature is the monkey. A monkey's testicle retails for more than \$100 in Hong Kong. And an old recipe for curing a woman of frigidity suggests boiling a monkey's brain to mash. To this is added the chopped root of the glycine herb and pulped bamboo shoots. Then you somehow have to get her to eat it. Nowadays men simply use underarm deodorant.

For the faint-hearted and weak-stomached, an ancient Taoist technique is simply to put your hands between your legs and cup your testicles, keeping them toasty warm all night. And there your hands must stay. It's best to start from early childhood, but better late than never. He who yields not unto temptation will apparently be able to enjoy coitus ten times a day, diminishing neither his stock of semen nor his intellect.

So, now that you have a list of possible libido enlargers, where can you get hold of them?

No need to start making furtive trips to the botanical gardens, or for that matter the aquarium or zoo. If going to China is out of the question, then visit your local Chinatown and seek out a qualified herbalist who will be able to diagnose and prescribe a suitable concoction. A consultation costs around \$10 and several private health funds offer rebates.

Many of the larger Chinese stores will stock Ginseng in tablet or ampoule form, as well as some of the more commonly used items which are combined in pre-mixed packets.

The products are not listed as aphrodisiacs; as Peter Townsend, manager of a retailing company called Chinaherb, explains: "The medicines are usually used to correct one's whole constitution. You don't so much focus on the sexual problem, because there's usually some other problem... in a lot of cases, the kidneys or the blood need tonifying."

Chinese herbalist Zhi Ping Hoang also believes that a deficiency in kidney energy is one of the causes of a shrunken libido. Ping Hoang adds that other causes could be related to undernourishment, or problems with internal organs such as the heart or spleen.

Ping Hoang says: "Aphrodisiacs work like this — if you fill a tank with water, but do not seal up all the leaks, no matter if you keep filling it, it's still low in energy. That's why we have to also combine it with

lifestyle and food and things like that. You can't say there's one thing that can do a magic job."

In fact, 10 to 15 ingredients are often combined in a prescription to suit each individual patient's needs. Some substances are also added to act as catalysts, or to minimise unpleasant side-effects. For example, licorice, which is a general tonic like Ginseng, is included in many recipes to improve their flavor, which can often be nauseating. Confucius himself endorsed the old belief that the worse a medicine tastes, the better it is for you. These days, doctors are a little less severe.

And while not all the herbs or medicines of animal origin mentioned can by themselves be labelled as aphrodisiacs, they are all used in various combinations to enhance virility, ie Yang energy, where it is lacking.

Before any concoctions are prescribed, Ping Hoang checks your pulse — "so we know how the internal organs are functioning, and which area of the body is causing the problems" — and also your tongue, which the Chinese believe is the orifice of the heart.

A great deal of information can also be obtained from examination of the limbs and from other parts of the face, such as the eyes, ears, teeth and nose.

Chinese medicines are generally available in tablet or pill form, as gums, in tinctures, or in packets of raw herbs,

which are with or without animal extracts. These raw herbs are brewed and then drunk like tea.

Contrary to popular belief, medicines which are of animal origin usually only make up about 15 percent of all prescribed remedies.

Only after an appropriate consultation with a doctor should medicines be bought. "It is very potent, so if you use it in a wrong way, it will cause some side-effects. We have to prescribe the right thing in the right combinations," Ping Hoang says.

Peter Townsend warns too that "for people who are already healthy sexually, the medicines may have bad effects. They tend to work more over a longer period of time rather than something you'd take to turn into Casanova overnight."

One product under the Japanese trade name of Kyu Shin, which is used in Japan primarily as a heart tonic, is much sought after by the Taiwanese people for its effects as an aphrodisiac. According to Townsend, who studied at the Kitazato Centre for the research of Oriental Medicines in Tokyo, the product includes ingredients such as cow gallstones, musk, Ginseng and the secretion of toads (which is banned in Taiwan because of its toxicity).

The Chinese either swallow Kyu Shin in pill form or dissolve it and rub it on to their penises, which causes a numbing sensation. "However," he says, "often

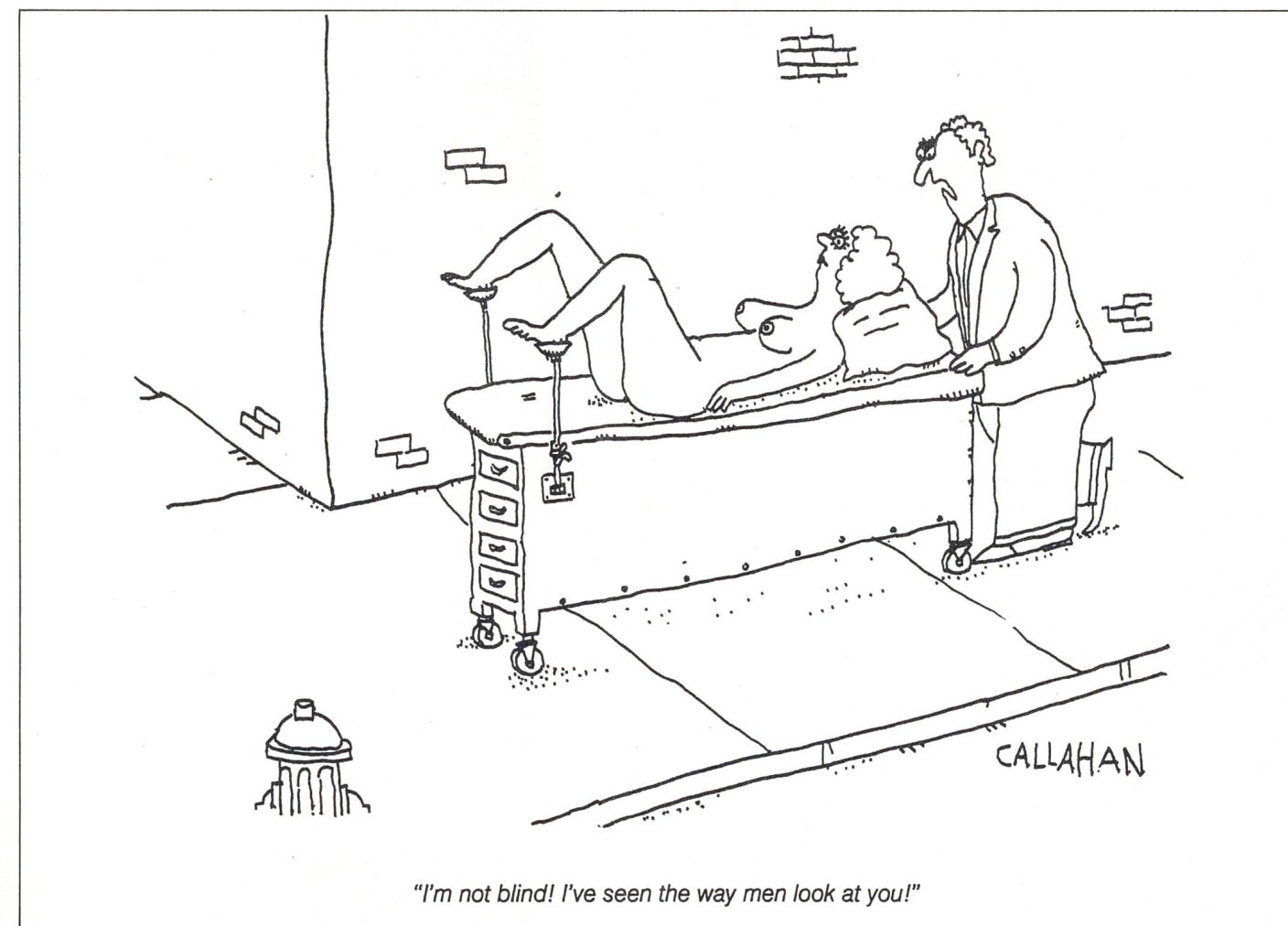
you can get by without using the exotic type of stuff — you can use herbal formulas. They may take longer, but they do the same thing."

At another of Sydney's Chinatown dispensaries, called The Ginseng and Herb Company, Phuoc Thang Tran, a herbalist of Chinese Vietnamese extraction, will show you Korean red ginseng and less expensive white ginseng. His assistant, Sunny Duong, says that although the shop stocks about 1000 different herbs, people who are desperate will smuggle quantities of herbs, which are illegal in Australia, from countries like Hong Kong and Taiwan and ask him to prepare them for consumption.

Surprisingly, many of Thang Tran's and Ping Hoang's patients are Westerners, who come to them usually as a last resort because orthodox medicine had failed to address their sexual problems.

Few of these patients understand the intricacies of the Yin and Yang principles, or the manifestation of Qi; however all are willing to place their faith in the centuries-old Chinese art of medicine. For them, it is an alternative to the science of the West which generally only accepts what can be seen and measured.

Finally, one should remember that persistence is beneficial. Old Chinese saying: "You'll never keep fit or cure chronic diseases if you go fishing for three days and dry the net for two." ☯

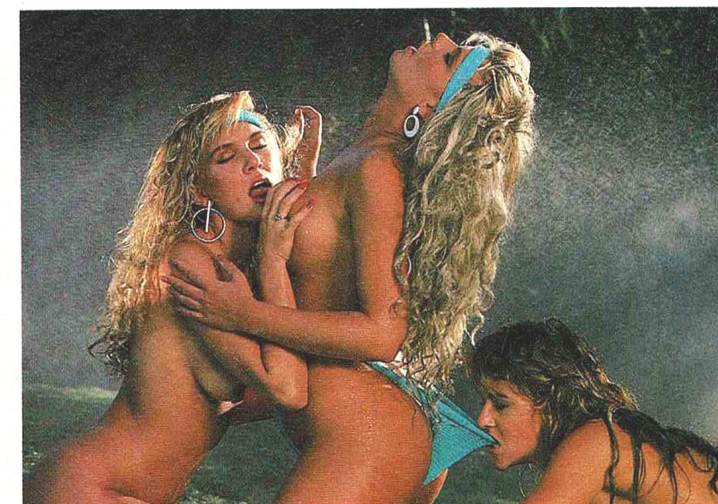




water **SPORTS**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DAVID

All the housewives were raving about Jane and Diane, the hottest fitness instructors around. Finally, Anna decided to find out what all the fuss was about. She phoned for an appointment. "Meet us by the pool," they told her. "We're firm believers in the benefits of hydrotherapy."







"We begin each workout with a thorough warm-up," said Jane. "To relax the muscles," added Diane. For the next 40 minutes they put their charge through her paces.





**Yes, Virginia,
you can have
too much of a
good thing**

I had two choices. Walk out into the blinding rain (and get drenched before I got to the car and then get maybe a couple of kilometres before the car ran off the road). Or go back in to the pub's log fire and face the wacker with the big wrap-around dark glasses, who was on the point of pissing his life story into my ear. I looked at my watch: my next appointment wasn't until two. I went back in to the fire.

The wacker looked kind of triumphant as I slid back into the chair by the fireplace. "Still coming down out there?" he asked.

"Yup," I said.

"Drink?"

I acquiesced. He whistled and clicked his fingers for a waitress. Ordinarily that would have earned him a filthy look and a case of piles before he got served, but as we were the only two customers in the place they were fighting over our business. The guy watched the waitress put our drinks down and wobble away. When she was gone he pushed the dark pouches under his bleary eyes for the first time. "Six months ago — you wouldn't believe," he said, picking up his drink with a shaky hand, popping a pill and washing it down with a swig. "I was a perfectly ordinary Aussie male with a dead-end existence, just like yourself. Not a worry in the world except where the next beer, root and car payment were coming from."

It looked like advanced *tremens onans* to me but I started unbending a little with

C H A I N M A L E

some of the free drink inside me. "Ah well," I said, "we've all got our . . ."

"Horniness," he barged on, "was getting to be the big problem though. I mean I had a bit of a thing going with this little slut from work — but too little, too seldom, if you know what I mean. Anyway, one morning I was reading the ecstasy columns of one of them porn papers over breakfast, thinking: Jesus, you know, if a bloke only

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES KENWAY

CHAIN MAIL

had the nerve to put an ad in one of those things . . . Stud, 22, will take good care of neglected housewives to 35. My place . . . or something. But there's a lot of things to consider."

"Like the Trade Practices Act," I suggested to the froth on my beer.

"So then I hear the postman out the front and I go out to see what he's brought, fantasising about hungry housewives writing these longing letters to me. What have I got? A computer-personalised invitation to view the new Hyundai, and a dirty looking envelope with a hopeless scrawl on it — looked like the Post Office had been playing soccer with it. I don't recognise the writing or anything but, I think, it's good to get dealt a wild card occasionally.

"So I rip it open. What is it? A frigging chain letter in the same kiddie scrawl:

Dear Friend,

This chain letter has now been twice round the world. Please send 20 copies off within 48 hours. Several people who have sent the letter on have won big prizes in Lotto, while a guy who broke the chain in Brisbane lost his job and was run over by a Kenworth.

"I was going to chuck it straight in the gutter when I thought why not, just for a laugh, send it on with a few minor changes? So I wrote out:

Can you please help me? I am a 21-year-old hunk, with less than six months to live and an embarrassing problem — I don't want to die a virgin!

"Then I thought I better add that I was dying from a non-disfiguring and non-communicable disease, whacked my address on it and posted it off to 20 females in the phone book. Nothing to lose, I thought. Might even score the odd shag.

"I didn't hear nothing for a couple of weeks and I'd just about forgotten all about it till one night this old moll of about 50 rocks up to my front door and wants to know if I am Graham Hardin.

"I could be — so what?" I tell her. I figure she's just moved in around there and come to complain about the noise. She throws her arms around me and says she's come to save me from a fate worse than death — dying without getting my rocks off. So I suddenly click who she is. I get an armlock on her and say, 'Listen, darling, Graham's dead, see? You're too late. So clear off.' And then I shoved her out the door."

"Didn't fancy it, eh?" I put in.

"Do me a favor! Anyway, blow me down if half an hour later another old slag doesn't turn up — she must have been knocking 60, this one. I slung her out good and quick.

"Then I begin to think: maybe all the identifiable females in the phone book are old maids trying to score. In which case I

had another 18 old broads to look forward to bouncing.

"But the next morning a young chick turns up on the same mission. She wasn't covergirl material but she was rootable. So I fixed her up and she was going away pretty happy — and I was pretty happy — till she turns around and says at the gate, 'I hope you don't mind but I sent some copies of your letter off to a few addresses — I don't know why but something about it suggested a chain letter. I'm moving interstate tonight and I thought you might still need some comforting after I'd gone. Even though,' she grins, 'you won't strictly speaking be a virgin now for anyone else.'

"I'm thinking that over, when another thought hits me. 'Hey!' I sing out. 'You didn't tell them other chicks you wrote to to pass the letter on as well, did you?' But she's already gone. I didn't even catch her name."

"The less you catch from some of them molls the better," I sympathised.

"But I figured — what the fuck if she did tell 'em to pass it on? As long as I was averaging one fox to every two old ducks, I'd be doing okay.

"That was the start of it, mate. The next seven days were the peak week of my life: they were coming from all directions, and nothing over 30! All young mums from married ladies' netball teams that first week, would you believe. That first young chick must have been a sport in more ways than one. I fucked 'em all — the long and the short and the tall. Morn till night. Tell you what, if I'd died at the end of that week it would have been with a whacking great smile on my face.

"But of course," he said sipping his drink, "it was too good to last. It's a law of nature with chicks, isn't it? Flood or drought. You can't win. And this turned into a fucking deluge, pal!"

He shook his head and then it drooped on to his chest. The wind lashed the rain into noisy little whirlpools on the window glass.

"I would have thought that was one thing you couldn't get too much of," I said.

"So would I, so would I — till it happened. You got any idea of the mathematics of the situation? Christ, I've had time to look it all up when I've been hiding out down the library! It progresses geometrically, not arithmetically. Like doubling up at roulette — with no table limit and a rigged wheel. Not all chicks are going to send the letter on and not everyone who gets it is going to be horny enough to turn up at my joint — but it soon mounts up mate, take it from me. Must have been nearly 50 fronted up the second week. I told them Graham was already dead but they said that since they'd come so far they'd settle for me. Then I'd beg 'em not to send the letter on, but they'd nearly all done it before they came. So I was up shit creek all round. I tried taking



CHAIN MALE

'em on two at a time — till I was coughing up fur balls like a cat.

"I lost count after that second week. I didn't even have time to be discriminating any more — fat, thin, old, young — it was easier to fuck 'em than chuck 'em out. And they just kept coming and coming. Which was more than I could do. After a couple of weeks of that I didn't have enough strength left to blow into the bloody breathalyser! But even when I couldn't get it up that didn't get rid of them. They'd say they realised I wasn't well and they'd come back — so I'd end up with twice as much trouble. And no way to switch it off."

"Like the Sorcerer's Apprentice, eh?" I mused.

"Eh?"

"Mickey Mouse in *Fantasia*," I explained.

"Yeah right. Mate, I had 'em peering in my windows, hanging from the rafters, swinging from the potplants. Who would have thought there were that many desperate dames in the world? Of course they were tripping over each other by this time but they developed a sort of camaraderie instead of rivalry. I was getting them from schools, convents, old folks' homes... All the colors of the rainbow too. Not that I mind a bit of variegation under normal cir-

cumstances — but they even started turning up at work, for fuck's sake!"

"How'd your little girlfriend feel?"

"Who?"

"The little er... chick from work you were knocking off occasionally."

"Oh her! Busted up with her. She reckoned I'd developed this thing about older women and was paying them to hang around me. Anyhow I was in the classic no-win situation. If I went home I had them climbing all over me; if I stayed away there was a whole house full of them waiting to tumble out when I finally did go home and open the door."

"Didn't you think of moving, for Christ's sake?" I interjected, getting into the spirit of things.

"Does Mandrake use Brylcreem? Of course I thought of moving. I went belting round to Rambo Singh, the landlord's, but he reminds me I've got an unbreakable lease and breakable bones. 'Have a heart, you slimy old prick,' I beg him. He says, 'There's nothing particularly aromatic about your money, sport. If you can get someone to take over the lease it's fine with me.' The question was: who?"

"That night I was hanging out down the Cornucopia till chuck-out time, trying to get up the nerve to go home, when I happened to get drinking with these two guys who turned out to be desperate for somewhere to live. I told them I was looking for a change of scene and told them about my

place. They jumped at the idea. I told them there was this one small drawback... 'Boys,' I said, 'I don't want to brag or nothing but you could be bothered by a few of my cast-off women hanging around, you know?' The more the merrier they said, so I slugged them a bit extra for goodwill when we clinched the deal.

"I disappeared down to the Y licketysplit: fuck the forwarding address. They could have my Bankcard bills and even my tax cheque if they wanted it. Talk about heaven! I was walking on air. I could smile at a chick without looking for the exit and hear a woman's voice without jumping out of my socks. In fact after a few weeks I was so much back to my old self I was starting to feel horny again..."

He stared down at the table and fiddled with his drink coaster.

It looked like being a long day if I didn't bite, so I bit: "What happened?"

"What happened? The guys I sublet to tracked me down, kicked the crap out of me and dragged me back to the flat by my hair. Haven't seen 'em since."

"Things any better after that?"

"Better! Apart from personal visits now I'm getting pussy-pal letters from joints I've never heard of — Botswana, Bechuanaland... I figure my chain letter is half way round the world by now." He coughed a mouthful of cashews all over me and my drink. "If you try and talk to your mates about it," he resumed, "they say the same thing the cops did when I got pissed and rang them one night: half your fucking luck, half your fucking luck! I even got so desperate I rang Lifeline one night. The tart on the other end of the phone wanted to come over and jump the queue to console me!"

"So now I just try to keep on the move: from pub to pub, all night cafes, bus shelters... I only go home when I really have to. But you know what the worst part of it all is, the hardest part to take? Nobody believes me," he sniffled. "Nobody believes a frigging word I say."

"Shit, is that right?" I gasped. I pushed myself to my feet and stretched. "Well I'll have to be going," I said tapping my watch. "I've got an appointment at one."

"You'll have another drink, won't you?"

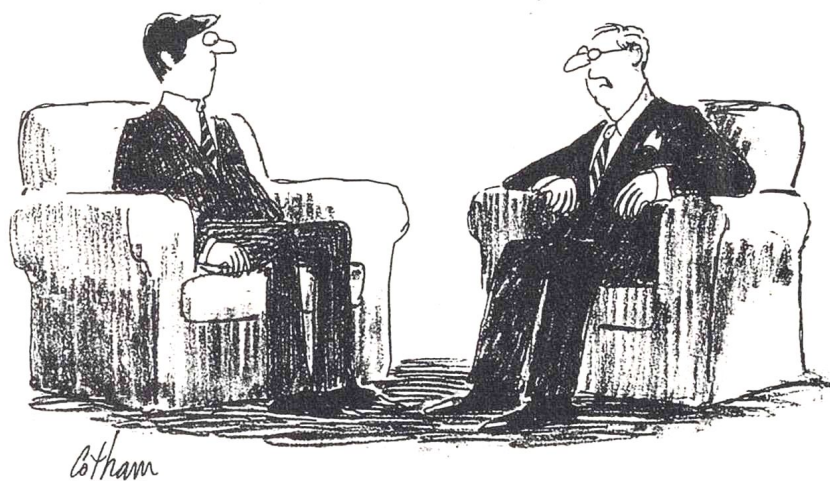
"Well..."

He clicked his fingers for a waitress. At least he was buying and not on the scrounge, which was something of a turn-up for the books. In fact I was toying with the idea of amending his score from a C for Crap to a B for Bullshit when the waitress came up.

"Graham," she went. "Graham Hardin! You naughty boy. We've all..."

He realised with a horrified start that his dark glasses were still on his forehead. He pulled them down, shot to his feet, elbowed roughly past me and sent the waitress and her tray flying.

The last time I saw him he was running for his life through the pouring rain. ☐



"I wasn't there to watch you grow up, son. Your mother raised you in another room."

witness

Continued from page 39

said. "We walked in, sat down and suddenly at the bar there were these three guys I knew from Adelaide. They'd seen me."

"One was a dealer, two were heavies. I was shitting myself but I fronted them and dropped some money on the bar to buy them drinks. They were not in a mood for kidding around. One told me how surprised he was to see me as people in Adelaide would like to know where I was. I excused myself for a leak but moved around the club to a couple of bouncers who knew me by sight. I asked them if there was a back way out, knowing the others had seen me with Trevor, who knew my address. One bouncer said, 'Are you in trouble?' I said, 'Big trouble.' He said, 'Follow me.' I was gone."

X immediately telephoned Canberra: "I've said fucking cover's blown. I've run into fucking so-and-so, they've spotted me, they've put it on me."

Next day, Henry flew in from Canberra. "We drove across the Nullarbor, non-stop, more than 24 hours."

Back on VIP protection, X was taken by Henry to a safe house by the beach at Bundaberg in Queensland. It was now less than two weeks before the trial.

X found himself worrying what life would bring after that. He was depressed and edgy, and he believed that one day the Syndicate would find him. He could never escape, he could never be free of them. He had money in his James Cameron keycard. He escaped from Henry and the other minder. He hired a Hertz in Bundaberg, drove to Brisbane airport (selling two watches for \$800 on the way) and caught a plane to Sydney. En route, from a phone box, he cheekily called the Witsec answering machine in Canberra, saying he'd be away "for a few days."

A few days? The Syndicate only needed one minute. After 13 months it was countdown time and suddenly NCA's prize witness was gone. Without his testimony, Moyse would walk free.

Where the hell did he go? Actually, to the most dangerous place he could possibly have gone.

"I hit the Cross," he said. "I had a joint. I picked up another Hertz. I got some more watches from Abe Saffron's warehouse. I was at parties in Vacluse. I got my rocks off. Days, nights passed — it was all a party and I just didn't care until I started to feel guilty about Bob McDonald, Boom Boom and Henry. They would all be having babies."

The witness was not wrong. Red lights were flashing in security warrens everywhere. Boom Boom was recalled from leave. Henry flew back to Canberra. Bob McDonald was trying to keep calm. The all-

stations alert was: "Find Neptune! Zulu! Barramundi! Fast!"

But they did not find him. He found them.

He drove from Sydney to Canberra, but it was the weekend. Saturday and Sunday he hung loose with a girl near Queanbeyan. On Monday morning, "I rang Witsec — one of the chiefs. I asked him if by chance he wanted to see me. There was a long pause. I heard him sigh. He wanted to know where I was. I told him I'd check in after turning in the Hertz at the airport."

They were at the airport when X arrived, Henry and Boom Boom, trying to find out if he was stoned. Back at Witsec he was given a cup of coffee. No-one was yelling at him; they seemed so relieved.

With his minders, X was booked on the flight to Adelaide. His ticket was made out in the name of Mr S. (for Super) Grass. "Apparently some heads rolled inside NCA for that one," he said. "The boys did it as a joke but they got a sort of backlash."

After X gave evidence, Moyse changed his plea from not guilty to guilty. Later, the four other men were sentenced to various terms from six years to a suspended sentence.

Before the Moyse trial I was secretly contacted by X, who wanted me to help him prepare a book of his memoirs. It was to be titled *A Message From God*. After the

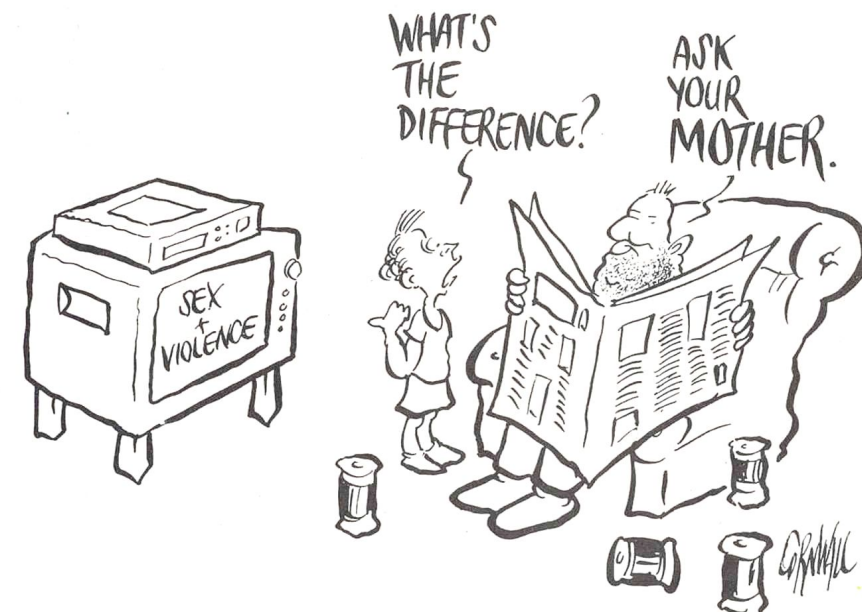
trial, and by pre-arrangement with Chief Inspector McDonald, I flew to Sydney from Adelaide on an international flight under an assumed name to spend six days and nights in an NCA safe house at North Steyne, near Manly, with X and his two NCA minders.

It was the last safe house where X would be under 24-hour protection. In the week I was there we recorded ten hours of tape and he managed twice to escape from his minders, returning shortly after. Soon it would not matter. There would be no minders to care if he broke the rules.

X would be provided with telephone contact, plastic surgery if required, a new address, and a new name. If he runs foul of the law his fingerprints will reveal who he really is. Should he decide to marry, records of his divorce under his former name must be produced.

"Who can I ever trust?" he asked. "Who can I ever tell who I really am? Where can I go and feel safe? The answer is no-one and nowhere. But I guess I'm glad for what I did. I don't know how many people I helped kill out there. I wanted to put a stop to it. I've got a young daughter who I love but cannot see. Some day I hope she'll come to know that her father did something worthwhile. But there's only one winner in all of this. It's the NCA."

Will he get a message from God? No obituary will tell, but Bob McDonald will know. ☐



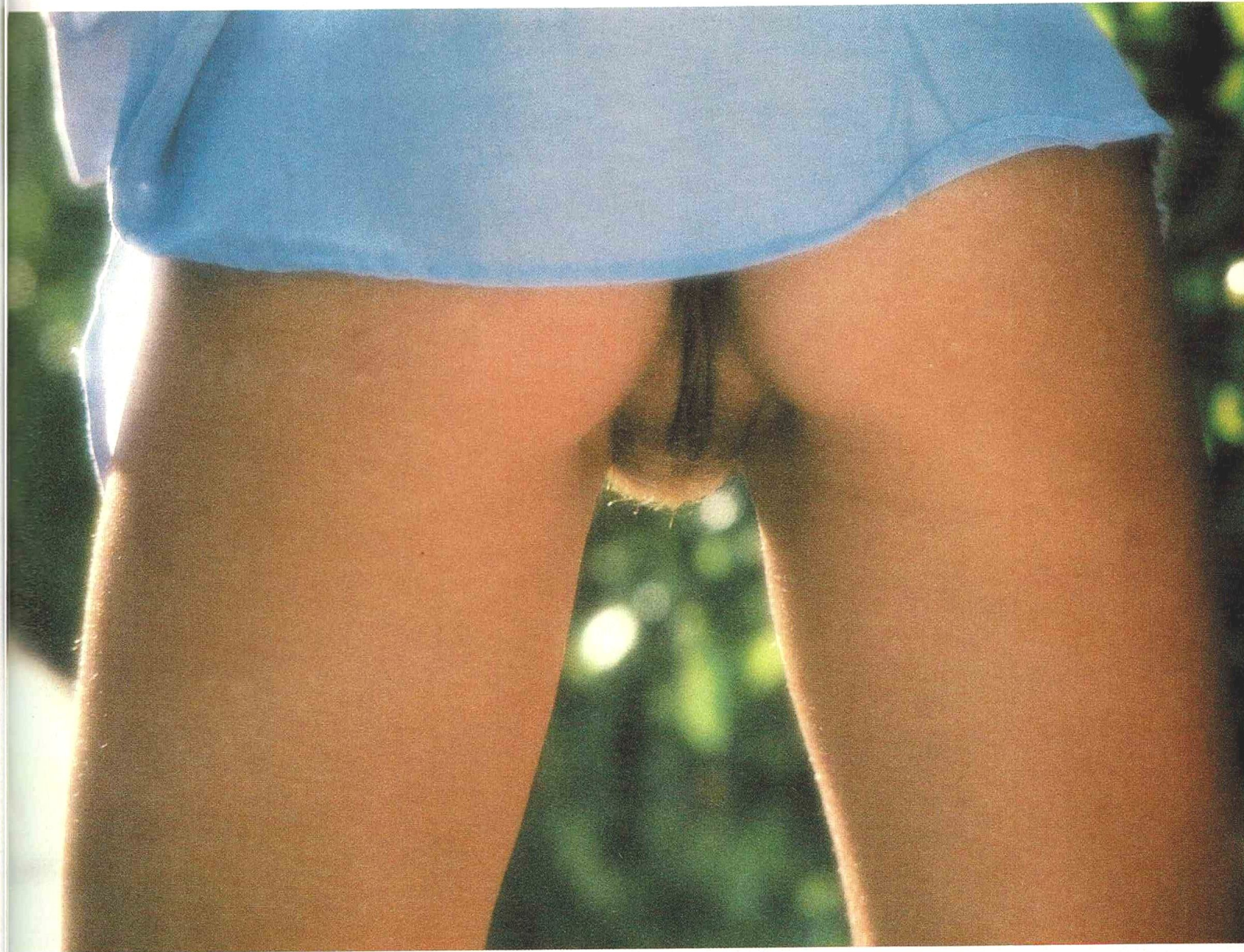


The Hunger

"When it comes to sex, I like to work up an appetite," says Shirley. "I'm not into the junk food approach — I won't settle for anything less than the finest ingredients — but that doesn't rule out feasts where it's quick and easy..."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS







The food analogy is appropriate for Shirley — good enough to eat. “Sex is good for your health,” she says, “and if some’s good then more’s better. I’ve never dieted in my life.”

"I loved that scene in *9½ Weeks* where he blindfolded her and fed her. That to me was the ultimate in tasteful sex scenes."



In the Car Wars of the Nineties the Japanese
will be using some very heavy artillery . . .

• Y E N • F O R L U X U R Y •

It has to be accepted that Mercedes-Benz, BMW and Jaguar are the top-drawer prestige luxury saloon marques of the world. The three — all Europeans, and in the descending order nominated here — have incontrovertible and incomparable status and image. They project the loftiest standards of design and engineering integrity, refinement, and dynamic safety. Not coincidentally, they also enjoy the lion's share of the gilt-edged market segment.

Audi, Volvo, Saab, Rover and probably Cadillac are parked on the second tier, aspiring to join the Big Three and working unceasingly but so far unsuccessfully to haul themselves to that plateau.

Then there's a third group, mainly of fallen idols — desirable badges of another

MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY





Previous page: Honda's Legend, at the vanguard of Japan's luxury assault. This page: Toyota's top gun, the Lexus — its styling perhaps unadventurous, but not its technology.

LUXURY

era working diligently towards the objective of clambering back on the luxury car hurdy gurdy. Alfa Romeo, Lancia, Maserati.

And now into the equation come the Japanese. Honda glided in first with the superb Legend, priced at more than \$50,000 and at the vanguard of the luxury models aimed at establishing a beach-head in Europe and the United States.

It has managed just that, as well as scoring impressive sales in Australia, where it has hammered (to a varying extent) the likes of Alfa, Audi, Volvo, Saab, and Rover, as well as diverting custom from the big, pricy Japanese sporty cars.

Honda is now well-advanced with its true exclusive cruiser for the rich and famous which will offer a tantalising blend of refinement and power. When released later this year, the V8-powered speedster will assume the role of Honda flagship.

Because the Japanese auto industry is so incestuous, other car makers were always destined to closely follow the pioneering Legend with their interpretations of an exclusive luxury model; more than the usual level of interest in new product was

evident when Toyota and Nissan — the two biggest vehicle producers in Japan — previewed their upmarket weapons deep in the heart of the world's largest luxury car market back in January.

The Yanks oohed and aahed and the men from the Cadillac division at GM hastily dragged out the worry beads. And Europe squirmed. Revealed for all to see was a remarkable competency of design and engineering. These were living, breathing production models and their appearance, size, performance, technology and finish suggested the keenest challenge yet to Europe.

By virtue of their impressive sales projections for the new range of top-rank autos, Toyota (with its Lexus) and Nissan (Infiniti) have already adopted the swaggering air of conquerors. The new cars are not merely aimed at picking up a few leftovers. The target isn't to snare a few sales here and there. They are going full tilt at the top guns, expecting to finish their first year on the American market with more than 40 percent. Yes, four-zero.

Honda, Toyota, Nissan and, later on, Mitsubishi have the bomb sights trained on Stuttgart, Munich and Coventry. The way the Japanese see it, the current luxury car entrants, predominantly European, will

be forced to accept a smaller market slice.

Disquieting too for the Europeans is Japan's stunning mastery of the 36-month production cycle. Whereas most European car makers take five or six years to take a new model from concept to market, the Japanese have managed to condense it into three years, allowing them more time for product evaluation and improving quality.

The reduced incubation period gives the Japanese marvellous flexibility, an ability to smartly re-adjust to new technology or assembly techniques.

While the Japanese seem to be moving breathtakingly close to creating product to match the world's best, at present they lack an upscale prerequisite. Image. The best car in the world won't sell without it, and it is not acquired overnight.

Honda has used Formula One, where it is savaging the Europeans mercilessly, to polish its reputation as a technological leader. Unlike Honda, which has always been Japan's most progressive car maker, Toyota and Nissan have to confront the problem of also selling a range of cars at the paupers' end of the market.

Will people buy an \$80,000 car off the

Continued on page 108

Tiffany's



*All the time
in the world.
Just for you.*

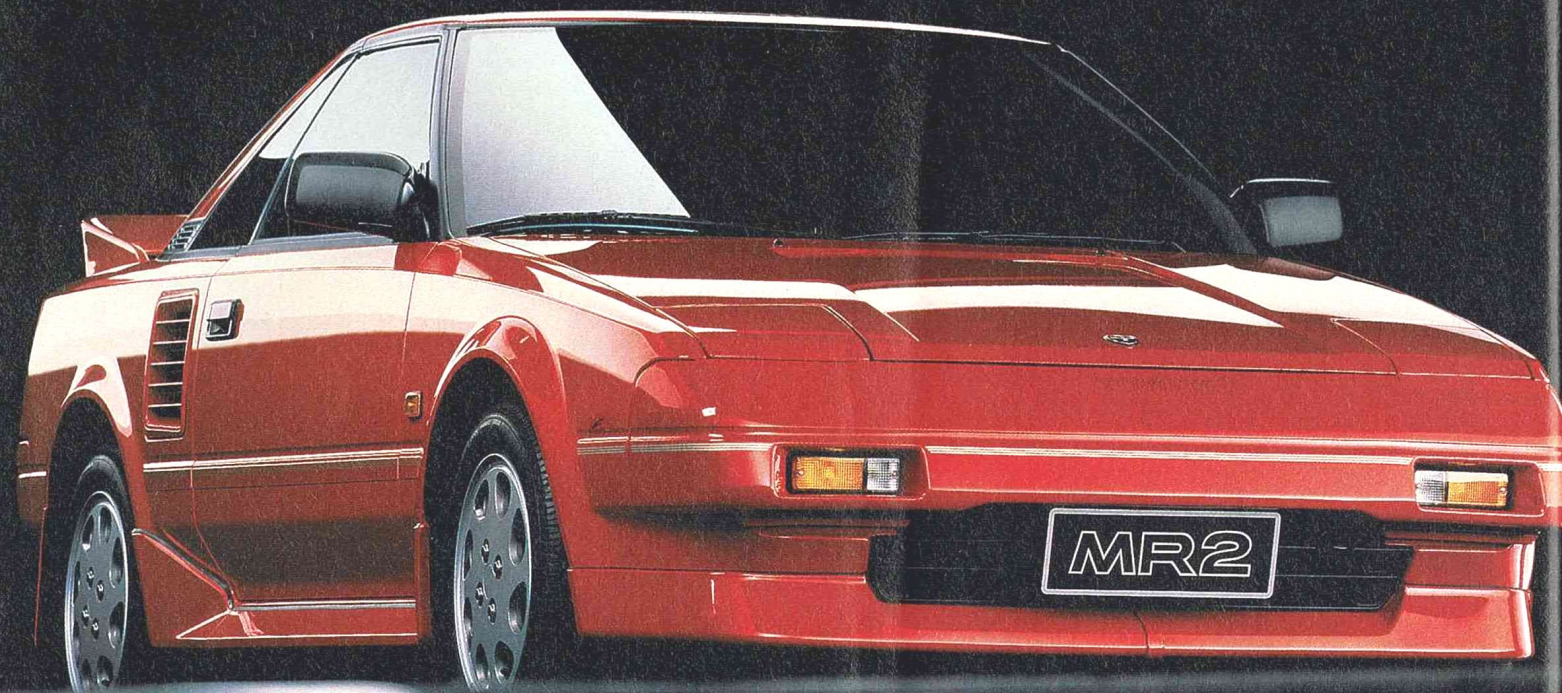
*Nite &
Day*

(02) 211 3804

(02) 212 1195

99 ALBION STREET, SURRY HILLS

O H W H A T A F E E L I N G !



O H W H A T A F E E L I N G !

FEEL THE RESPONSE FROM MID-ENGINE HANDLING.



Handling. If anything is ever going to challenge you to bring out your very best skills as a driver, it's the handling capabilities of the MR2. This unrelenting sports machine is built to deliver total cornering control. Pushing this sophisticated package through the hairpins will present you with one of life's truly great experiences.

That's because the MR2 is a masterstroke of design, possessing perfect balance between weight dis-

tribution, engine placement and suspension design. Mid-engine placement provides 45/55 front to rear weight distribution. Suspension is sports tuned MacPherson struts all round. There are disc brakes front and rear.

In the cockpit you sit just inches off the road, in a body hugging sports seat. The leather bound wheel adjusts to your driving position. The gear

lever sits high, Formula 1 style, for fast changes.

All the controls are within fingertip reach in the ergonomically designed cockpit.

Nothing distracts your concentration. Behind your head sits Toyota's 1.6 litre EFI deep breathing Twin Cam Multivalve engine.

Toyota lead the world in multivalve engine



technology, so you can count on that engine to extract every last possible kilowatt of energy and power.

That very same feeling of power is unmistakable in the MR2 styling.

It looks like it drives – low, fast, purposeful.

Of course, no engine up front means a lower nose so nothing will distract your view of the road.

If you want to get to know the real thrill of driving, don't wait. Borrow the keys from your Toyota Dealer, and take a test drive today.

TOYOTA
IMPORTED
MR2

TOY567

LUXURY

Continued from page 104

same showroom floor as an identically-badged poverty model retailing for \$14,000? Probably not. Which is how come Toyota and Nissan badges don't appear on their luxury high fliers.

It's an attempt to divorce the up-market machines from their more humble brethren. Honda also did the same with the

Legend in the States, rebadging it as an Acura.

The billion dollar question is whether the Americans and Europeans (and, to a lesser extent, the Aussies and Kiwis) perceive the new luxu-mobiles as merely upscale versions of predictable Japanese auto fare. Or genuine competitors for the incumbent kings of the road.

If the Lexus and Infiniti are seen as embellished, overblown versions of mid-sized, mid-priced products (such as the excellent Cressida), the Japanese new-

comers will probably only snatch sales away from other Japanese cars. However, if the perception among the punters is that the Japanese have conjured up unabashed head-to-head rivals for the Big Three, then logically Benz, Bee Em and Jaguar could be in for a shaking. And the repercussions won't let Volvo, Saab and Audi off without a groin-kicking either.

The current upmarket dominators will find no solace in the history books. Remember when Honda and Yamaha and Suzuki and Kawasaki throttled in on the established European bike names? One blink and they'd gone. Whither Triumph, Norton and BSA today?

The Japanese grabbed at the economy car market too. We dismissed the challenge. Those Datsun and Toyota tin cans couldn't hold a candle to the European and locally-built models. One by one the incumbents fell off the perch.

Those pioneering Japanese econo-cars were hardly technological benchmarks, but back in those early days they possessed one redeeming and ultimately irresistible attraction: a price advantage.

The reputation for reliability and innovation came much later. The Japanese thrust into Australia in the Sixties and Seventies changed the face of the local industry forever. Leyland disappeared, Volkswagen shrank away to virtually nothing, and Chrysler became Mitsubishi. Nissan and Toyota joined the other manufacturers with a base here.

Today, of every 100 cars sold in Australia, 70 are either built in or derived from Japan.

The irony is that in 1989 — in an era where a mere 105 yen equals the Oz buck, no-longer-cheap Japanese imports are threatened by a new player in the global car market, Korea.

Japan, the Land of the Rising Yen, has responded to the challenge of painful currency shifts by homing in on the top end of the market. Where the Real Money Is. Rewards are greatest among the luxury models; for a car maker, profit on a \$100,000 car equates roughly to the earn on about ten \$15,000 models.

But if making and selling cars into the very sensitive and selective upper end of the market was easy, then everyone would be doing it. This is how come the Big Three have remained largely unchallenged for so long.

And it also probably accounts for their failure to accept the inevitability of a serious challenge from the Orient.

Certainly it's taken a frightfully long time for Europe's prestige car makers to acknowledge the threat posed by the Japanese. I recall a dinner conversation with BMW's engineering chief Reitzle in Bavaria in November 1986, when he gave the impression that his company wasn't overly perturbed by excellent new product

Continued on page 111

Nissan's Infiniti assault in formation. Top to bottom: sedan, coupé and convertible — the real thing.



"Come on — one last joke?"

LARRY BURNS



Keep
them in their
place!

Australian
PENTHOUSE

Australian Penthouse
P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, N.S.W.
Please find attached cheque/money order for
..... Penthouse binders at \$11.50 ea. \$.....
Name
Address
..... Postcode

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

However, as only a very limited number of them have been produced, we suggest you mail you order now to avoid disappointment.

The price for the Penthouse binder (magazines not included) is only \$11.50.

That includes administration costs, packaging and postage.

There are no extras.

And if you are not totally satisfied with the binder, return it to us within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

Wally Lewis

Continued from page 55

your fluid is in your body trying to rehydrate it. One day at Lang Park I was asked to give a sample and I was told I couldn't leave before I did, so I kept shaking a can of beer around till it went flat; the bloke turned away, I poured the beer into the bottle and said, "There you go, mate." I thought: "This'll be lovely — they'll test that and think I'm an alcoholic." But that sort of stuff went out years ago.

Penthouse: At various times in your career you've been reckoned to be the world's highest paid League player. Do you think that's the case now?

Lewis: Nope.

Penthouse: Who is? Ellery Hanley?

Lewis: Yeah. He would be.

Penthouse: Are you the highest paid in Australia?

Lewis: No. I know a couple who are getting paid more than me. Michael O'Connor came out and said he was getting 140 grand a season. But I probably would be the highest paid with endorsements and television work and all that.

Lewis: If Ron McAuliffe [former QRL President] hadn't pulled the rug from under you by announcing you'd agreed to stay in Queensland in 1987 after Kerry Packer had offered you enormous sums

[reportedly \$150,000 a year] to play for Manly, would you have been a lot better off financially now?

Lewis: Shit, yeah. \$50,000 a year better off. The way it was all handled, I was filthy at the time. At times, I thought I was happy in Queensland and I didn't really want to shift; but the offer was so good I couldn't refuse it, plus it was Manly — I'd always wanted to play for Manly. They were always my favorite Sydney team, Fatty was playing with them, plus a lot of other Queenslanders...

Penthouse: You said early in 1986 that you'd have retired at the end of that year or the next if you hadn't been unexpectedly hit with a huge tax bill. You said being a pro footballer "wasn't worth it" and you'd advise your sons to play golf. Are you still playing now to get over that hump?

Lewis: Yeah. I'm still getting over it. Plus I'm still waiting for a large cheque from Wynnum... At the end of '86 I eventually got the money owed to me by Valleys for seasons '81 and '82; I got two years' money from Wynnum, and I'm still waiting on payment for the 1985 season there.

Penthouse: So you really are playing on to keep your head above water?

Lewis: Yeah. With the Wynnum money, I signed a two-year contract so I had to pay provisional tax. Say I was getting \$30,000 a year at Wynnum. The tax I was paying there was 60 cents in the dollar, so I'm paying \$18,000 tax each year because of the

provisional tax. So I pay \$36,000 in tax and I get my \$30,000 for one year and don't get it the next. I'm six grand worse off before I've got to pay a penalty tax because I didn't pay tax on money which I never received... I ended up paying about 40 grand — so I ended up ten grand worse off, and realistically, I played two years for not one cent.

Penthouse: So do you still think the whole thing wasn't worth it?

Lewis: Financially it wasn't. I love the game, but I just happened to play for two clubs that were broke. One club was slowly going broke while I was there; the next club — Wynnum — well, there were no other clubs within 20 kilometres of them, they should have been very financial, and when I signed with them I was under the impression they were very flush. But apparently they'd been broke for almost 12 months and they were promising me money that wasn't there.

Penthouse: So how does the future look? Are you going to make it through all this?

Lewis: Well, I'm not doing too bad now. But with all the back taxes and the penalty taxes and the unpaid money, I probably would have been 200 grand better off. That's a fair bit of money to miss out on.

Penthouse: With Power Brewing sponsoring the Broncos, Queenslanders are switching from XXXX to Power Bitter, which they call a "Wally." They'll say: "Can I have a Wally, please?" Is this the ul-



Wally Lewis

timate accolade for an Australian sportsman?

Lewis: It's very different. They'll either ask for a "Wally" or a "Sorry Bondy", because that's the punchline in the Power ad. [Alan Bond now owns Castlemaine XXXX]. We bought the Power Brewing shares at 65 cents and they went on the market [on October 20 last year] at \$1.19.

Penthouse: Why are you a great admirer of Bob Hawke?

Lewis: I think he's a typical Australian bloke. He's a champion knockabout bloke. I admire the way he reacts under pressure. He showed just how human he was with the way he reacted to his daughter's drug problems. Anybody who reckoned he bunged that on for the cameras should have been smacked in the gob. He was very much a larrikin before he gave up drinking, and he showed very strong willpower there. And I just get on very well with him. His missus is just as easy to like; she's a very strong woman, and I probably admire her as much if not more than Hawkey. A lot of people know me, but not many people know my wife. Hazel has never forgotten her name, neither has Bob, and they ask about the kids by name...

Penthouse: Hawke is probably the only person in Australia who hates to lose more than you. Did you let him beat you at golf?

Lewis: No, I didn't let him win. We were playing one day and he said to me: "Is it right you're one of us?" My being a Labor bloke had been quite widely publicised. And I said: "Is it right you're going to give tax relief to sportsmen?" He sort of smiled back and said: "We'll enjoy the round, eh?"

Penthouse: Where do your political ambitions stand at the moment?

Lewis: Well, I'm a Labor bloke and people have said I'm going to stand here and stand there. I am a financial member and I have been for long enough to be able to run should anything become available. I'd like to, but at the same time, if you're going to be fair dinkum about that job, you've got to put 80 hours a week into it. I'm just not sure whether I could afford that much time away from my family now.

Penthouse: Do you ever imagine yourself as the Labor Premier of Queensland?

Lewis: No... I don't know... That's in the future. If I got involved, I'd probably get involved at the grass roots level to start with.

Penthouse: What are your political views in brief?

Lewis: I'm from a working class family. I believe in everybody getting a fair go. I'm not a staunch union man but I believe what's good for the goose is good for the gander, and that's basically what unions are about. The thing that annoys me is that a lot of politicians see themselves as

something special, when in reality they're just paid public servants who've been put into office so that the people who put them there can get better conditions for themselves. Not enough of them realise that. I think if I was involved, that's what I'd be trying to let them know.

Penthouse: Are there any issues in Queensland you feel strongly about?

Lewis: Daylight saving. It's only a small one but it gives me the shits, having to adjust to that all the time.

Penthouse: How has the Fitzgerald Inquiry affected your views on Queensland politics?

Lewis: I think it's one of the best things ever to happen in Queensland.

Penthouse: What do you think of Bjelke-Petersen now?

Lewis: He was always very good to me.

Penthouse: Except when he used you without permission in a National Party advertising campaign...

A few of my mates said: "Listen, you're getting a big head on you. Come back to Earth." That helped a lot.

Lewis: Yeah. I personally didn't agree with his views. If I had any criticism, it would be that he spent a couple of years too many in politics.

Lewis: Outside of football, what do you get passionate about?

Lewis: Just trying to ensure that you do the very best you can for yourself in life, that you set yourself goals that are achievable, whether in sports or general life, and that you can enjoy yourself. Born whingers give me the shits. I'm not saying anything dead set against Pommies, but I used to clash with this one Pom in Brisbane who was always whingeing about Australia. Well, what the fuck is he doing out here? A lot of the Kiwis are the same. All they're doing is sitting on the end of a dole queue. I get the shits with people who won't get off their arses in life.

Penthouse: What are your views on Aboriginal rights, especially in Queensland?

Lewis: There's 50 percent of black people who are lazy and do bludge, the same as probably 50 percent of white people do. There was that Federal Senator who said Australia was probably the only country in the world where you get paid for being a

coon, and I suppose he has got a bit of a point... Just talking to Mark Ella about it, he does get very disappointed in the real layabout black people who don't want to do anything but take money from the government. Maybe they haven't been given a fair go in life. It's not my place to say whether they have or not.

Penthouse: What do you think of Queensland's Draconian drug legislation?

Lewis: I think it's great.

Penthouse: You'd be the last man to say marijuana should be legalised?

Lewis: I'm sort of half and half on that, because I don't see marijuana as a life-threatening drug. I believe anybody who handles hard drugs should be given it.

Penthouse: Where does the future lie for Wally Lewis? Business or television?

Lewis: I see my whole future in TV. I originally wanted to set up a Brisbane desk for *Wide World Of Sport*, but that fell through. Now I'm with Channel Ten. They've got Mike Gibson and I don't know if he'll become a full-time sport bloke, but I'd certainly like to do something like that. I see it as the best possible job in the world, because my whole life has revolved around sport and getting paid to go and watch sporting events and tell people about them — that would be really great.

Penthouse: Don't you find it a bit odd being an active sportsman and a sports presenter? Interviewing Broncos and [former] Queensland coach Wayne Bennett when you're the captain of both those teams would seem to create a conflict of interest, wouldn't it?

Lewis: Yeah, it does a bit. I didn't expect to be doing news or interviews; I thought I'd be learning what the whole job was about for the first 12 months. But they threw me straight into it. Interviewing Wayne Bennett was difficult. He's one of the hardest blokes in the world to interview. You sometimes get asked shit questions like: "Do you think you'll win on the weekend?", as if you'd reply: "No, I think we'll get our arses kicked." So I tried to think of questions he would never have been asked. My first question was: "Wayne, do you think you can improve the standard of an individual player by..." and he cut in: "Hang on, Wally. Every reporter starts with 'Well, Wayne...' You've got to start with 'Well, Wayne...'" Anyway, I kept going and he said he'd never had those questions asked of him and it was quite an enjoyable interview. We finished it off and he said: "Now get on the field and fucking hurry up. You're five minutes late."

Penthouse: Do you see yourself as a football commentator?

Lewis: Not the ball-by-ball stuff — the color commentary. I think my job's going to involve that sort of thing. Like what Jack Gibson does — but without as many colorful anecdotes as Jack's got.

Continued on page 135



Mr/Mrs/Miss.....
Address.....
Postcode.....
☐ Cheque/Money Order ☐ Cash (please send by security post) ☐ C.O.D. (add an additional \$4.00 postage and handling) ☐ Bankcard ☐ Mastercard ☐ Visa Card ☐ American Express
Credit Card No..... Expiry Date.....
Signature..... I am over 18 years of age

PLEASE ADD POSTAGE \$7.00 (1 item) \$10.00 (2 or more)

Please send me:

☐ THREE FULL LENGTH FEATURES AT \$150.00 PLUS ONE FREE + Postage and Handling
☐ ONE TITLE AT \$50.00 + Postage and Handling
☐ PORN IN THE U.S.A. ☐ GOLD DIGGERS
☐ BLOND HEAT ☐ 10½ WEEKS
☐ VHS ☐ BETA ☐ FREE catalogue
PHONE (062) 956100

CHRISSY'S VIDEO CLUB
10 Barker Street
Griffith ACT 2603

FREEPOST 39
(No Postage Stamp required)
PO Box 39, Kingston, ACT 2604

FOR PROMPT DISCREET SERVICE PHONE YOUR CREDIT CARD OR C.O.D. ORDER THROUGH NOW ON (062) 956100

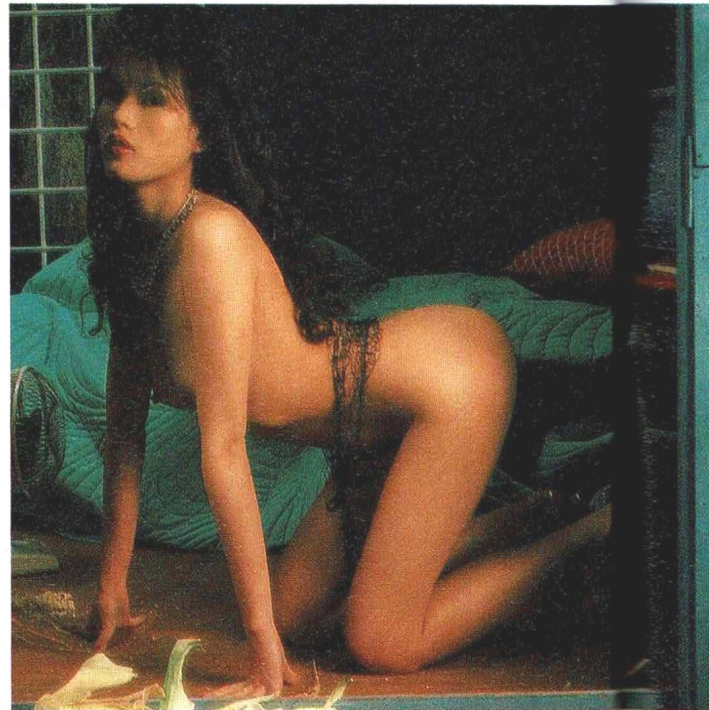
culture shock

"Australians are well known in my home country of Thailand," says 20-year-old Phuc.

"I got quite a surprise when I first met Australians in other countries — they behaved so differently, much more conservative. But I think Australians in Bangkok have more fun . . ."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY THAWICH CHUN

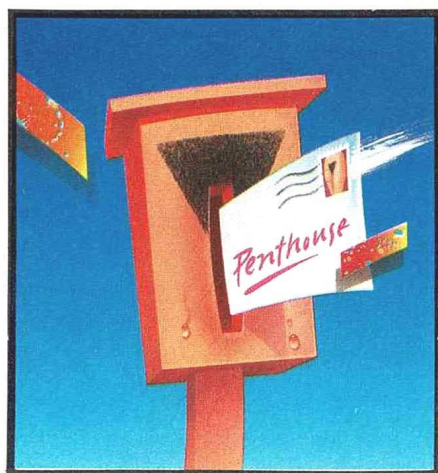




"In Thailand we have the idea that Australians must be very open about sex in their own country — but then I've learned that Australians think Thailand is freer. I think we need more cultural exchanges for us to learn the truth."







FORUM

Continued from page 16

Stormy weather

I have been putting off this letter for the last two years, but now that I have a subscription to your fine publication, the time has come.

On one incredible night, back in the summer of '86, my live-in girlfriend and I went to a local art cinema to catch a foreign film. As we were leaving the theatre, large raindrops spattered the sidewalk, and within seconds it was pouring. Distant thunder rumbled as we sprinted the last hundred yards to the car.

Inside the car we decided to wait out the rain. We were soaked and couldn't see a thing. Bobbie was wearing a thin cotton one-piece dress that ended just above her knees, with no bra. At one time she was an aspiring model, and her body showed it. Bobbie had long shapely legs, a small firm arse, beautiful breasts, and a beautiful face.

She was a knockout. Her drenched curls hung in little ringlets around her face, framing the most beautiful greyish-blue eyes I have ever seen — the same elfish eyes that I had fallen in love with at first sight.

She was definitely the sexiest woman I have ever known, and there was always a furious passion between the both of us, so what happened next was less than surprising.

We laughed at our plight and started to kiss to pass the time. It just rained harder — the storm hadn't reached full blast yet. I began to get very hot, and she knew it. Bobbie straddled me in the front seat, cradled my head in her hands, and kissed me deeply with a slow, circular rhythm, pausing now and then to trace her tongue across my lips. It's amazing just how binding wet blue jeans can be when you have a titanic hard-on. She shifted her weight and pressed her crotch down on my aching bulge. She just loved to tease me.

I retaliated by nipping at her swollen nipples through the wet cloth, nibbling

gently up and down her neck. Soon neither one of us could take any more. It took very little to convince her that no-one else leaving the theatre could see us through the steamed-up windows. The lightning and thunder were closer as she began to pull off her dress. "No. Leave it on," I said. She smiled and reached underneath to pull off her panties. I pulled my jeans and underwear off and unbuttoned my shirt.

The rain on the metal roof was deafening. She climbed back on top of me. She hiked up her hem and positioned herself as best she could. I ran my hands up and down her tense, wet thighs in strong carresses.

Under her dress her pubic hair was damp — but not from the rain. My fingers teased her for a while and then she kissed me wildly and lowered her crotch on to me. Bobbie used her pussy lips to lubricate the length of my shaft, and soon I was burning to be inside her. I slid my hands up her thighs to her arse and pulled her cheeks apart to spread her sopping lips. Then I slipped just the head of my dick inside her and pulled it out again. I teased her lips like this for some time, occasionally sliding the head up to her clit and back. She began a frantic effort to sit down on me and force me inside her, but I had a firm grip on her arse and I wouldn't let her. I liked to tease, too.

Finally I entered her slowly, a millimetre at a time. After the damp discomfort of my

jeans, the intense pleasure of her soft flesh was like a narcotic washing over me. I looked at her face — her lips parted, eyes half-closed, head back, concentrating intently on the sensation — and I felt a tremendous rush of love that I never felt with anyone before. When I was buried all the way inside her, she looked down at me.

We were startled by a blast of thunder, and as it rolled away, exhilaration melted our awareness of our surroundings. From then on the havoc of the storm was like a wild dream.

She gripped my shoulders and began to rock and swivel her hips in a slow, purposeful rhythm. I matched her movements with my hands, massaging her arse and occasionally lifting her body up, teasing her lips some more. I was so excited that I plunged myself as deep into her as possible. I could feel the muscles in her cheeks tense powerfully as she started to grind her clit against my pubic bone. I desperately fought the urge to come, but I couldn't stand it any longer. I lifted my hips up off the seat and pumped deep into her in a blinding wave of incredible pleasure that pushed her over the edge. She was consumed by a strong orgasm, but it was just a leap to the next plateau.

I looked up at her again. Her mouth opened wide, her eyes closed tightly, she began to shake and shudder. Every muscle in her body was like a little steel cord waiting to be melted in a blast furnace. She reached for her clit, but I moved her hand aside and used my thumb. It took about ten seconds of this for her body to explode like one of the thunderbolts raging outside. She came forever, and I found myself intensely excited again. I pumped furiously in and out of her and I came close to having another orgasm. Our spirits fused in that netherworld of pure passion that only lovers can feel.

It took another half hour before the storm quit, and almost that long for me and Bobbie to calm down. The parking lot was almost empty. We were tempted to make love again, but we decided to brave the low visibility and get home to our nice warm futon. There was a record rainfall that night and widespread flooding. It was a storm I'll never forget. — *Name and address withheld*

It's an affair

I, like many of your readers, often fantasised of encounters worthy of writing about. Being married and in my 30s, and rather on the shy side, I really never knew that this following story could happen.

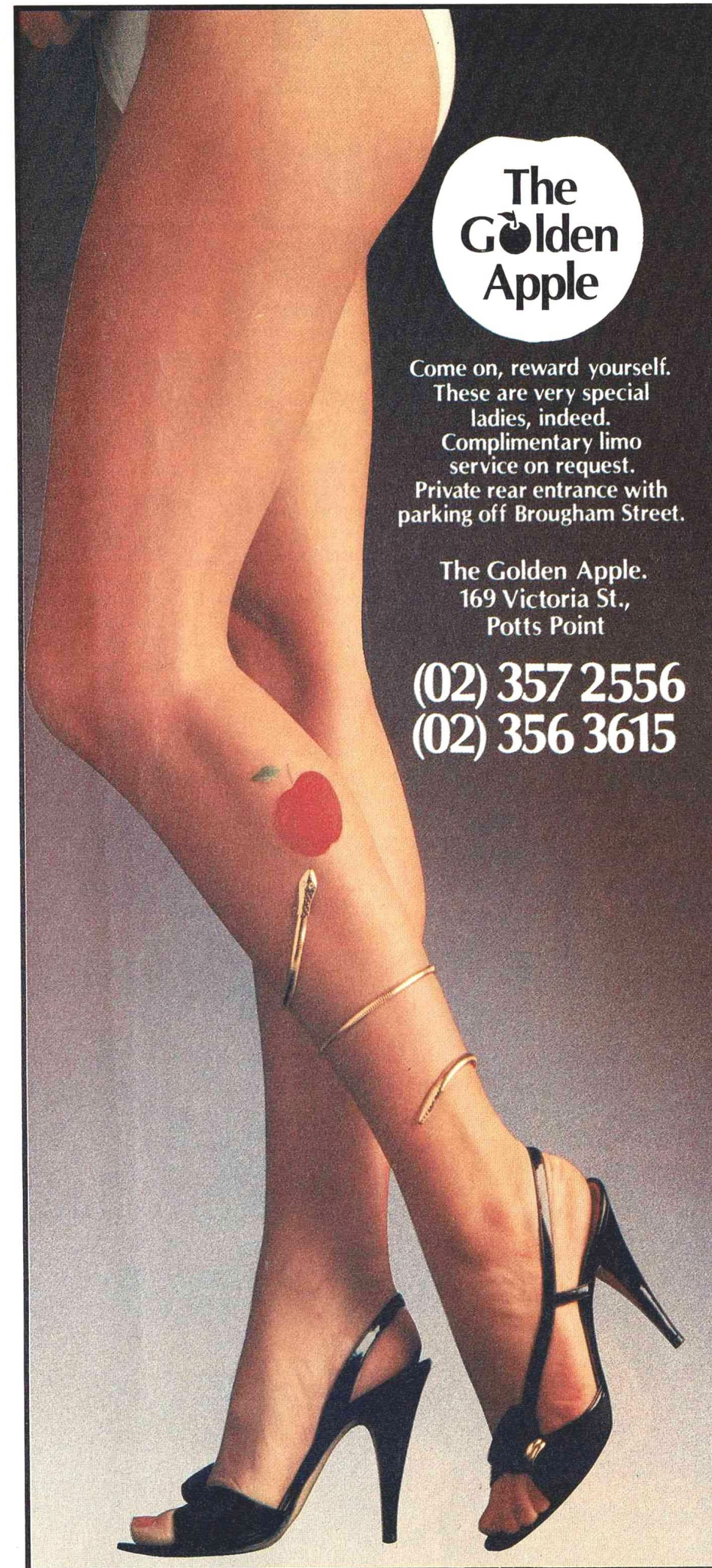
It was two years ago at a business outing that my fantasies came true. I use humor often in my business (I am in sales) and try to get to know as many of the office personnel as possible. One of the secretaries, named Vanessa, was at a convention, and it happened that I struck up a sexy banter with her. There were lots of

The
Golden
Apple

Come on, reward yourself.
These are very special
ladies, indeed.
Complimentary limo
service on request.
Private rear entrance with
parking off Brougham Street.

The Golden Apple.
169 Victoria St.,
Potts Point

(02) 357 2556
(02) 356 3615



Pour extra life into your car!



FORUM

people at the table that evening. The whole dinner was wonderful and everyone was in high spirits. I had been watching Vanessa's spectacular body all day and undressing her with my eyes all night. Suddenly we found ourselves alone at the table — everyone was mingling and dancing — and I apologised for staring at her all night. To my amazement she answered, "That's okay, as long as you don't mind me having the same thoughts, too!" My interest in this sweet thing who I thought to be totally unavailable intensified immediately.

When the opportunity presented itself a few hours later, I kissed her gently. We decided to get out of the restaurant and headed for the parking lot. It still sticks in my mind how exciting just a kiss can be when you've been fantasising about that person all day.

In the car, we continued with our passionate kissing, and I moved my hand under her dress, making my way slowly up her silky thighs. She let out a small moan and opened her legs slightly, allowing my hand to arrive at its destination. Touching her mound, I found that her panties were soaking wet. I reached inside her hose and inserted a finger into her slick vagina. She immediately started to press against my palm, so I put another finger in her and played with her clit, too. I really wanted more, so breaking our kiss, I told her that I wanted to eat her. Of course car seats are not conducive to such activity, but I was a determined and horny young man.

After getting her in place, I took in her

aroma and licked my way up each leg to her begging pussy. My tongue barely touched her outer lips when she let out a gasp. She was the sweetest-tasting woman that I'd ever had, and I honestly could have stayed there forever. But she brought my face up to her own to kiss her again, this time tasting her own sweet juices.

She undid my fly and released my cock while kissing her way down my chest. Vanessa slowly licked around my cockhead and its sweet shaft. Watching her head go up and down was unbelievably exciting. She looked up at me with her sexy brown eyes and said, "I don't know how you're controlling yourself, but I have to have you in me!"

In one movement she pushed me down on the seat and straddled me. She had one of the tightest cunts I ever had the pleasure to enter. We both let out a loud groan. We were really getting into it when a set of lights pulled up beside us and we had to drop down out of sight. Deciding it was best to continue in more comfortable surroundings, we arranged to meet later. This was the start of a brief but extremely satisfying affair. This wonderful woman could go from a heated sixty-nine to sliding that vicelike pussy on to my cock in a flash!

Vanessa was always trying new things — like different kinds of sexy underwear, X-rated videos, phone sex, and tasty treats that we ate off each other's bodies. I had a wonderful time with her. But as all good things must end, we decided to stop seeing each other. At least I have wonderful, sexy memories to think about. — *Name and address withheld*

Double margarita

I am a pretty open-minded guy who has had a few sexual experiences, but nothing like what happened to me this past summer. One night while I was sitting in my office doing some paperwork, Tara, one of my co-workers, knocked on my door. I let her in and asked what was on her mind. Tara told me that she and her girlfriend Megan were going to go out for margaritas. They thought it would be nice to invite me along. I jokingly asked if my fantasy of having two women at once was going to come true, and instead of getting offended or turned off by the remark, she replied coyly, "Who knows? Let's see what the night has in store for us!"

We made arrangements to meet at a little neighborhood pub down the block from the office. I got there later and joined them in a small booth. In the soft lighting I noticed just how striking these two women really were.

Tara has long sensual red hair, and Megan, short shiny brown hair. I thought how lucky I was to be in their company this night. I have always had a thing for red-heads, but I never had the opportunity to make love to one before.

It was happy hour, so the margaritas went down at a rapid pace. There's nothing like a couple of drinks after a tense day at work to relax you. We talked shop for a while, but eventually the talk got around to sex. We were very candid about the subject, and when I mentioned how I always had fantasised about a two-on-one, their eyes lit up. I had been trying to rub my legs against Tara's, and when I did, she returned the gesture. I got rock-hard thinking about what I would do with these two. Megan made the suggestion that we go to her place to unwind some more. We all agreed and left.

At Megan's apartment, I made myself comfortable on the sofa. Tara fixed some drinks and each girl sat beside me. To my surprise, there was a *Penthouse* lying on the coffee table. With a sly grin, I picked it up and began to read the Forum section. As I read, I playfully acted out the motions in the stories. I would read about some guy running his hands down some babe's thigh, and then I would do it. I'd read about some girl getting her breast caressed, and I would gently knead Tara's and Megan's tits.

Well, Tara's breathing grew heavier as I read each story. I was so hard and excited, and the girls sensed my arousal. Megan asked if I wanted a backrub, and of course I wanted one very much. Tara stretched sexily and motioned for me to follow her into the bedroom while Megan warmed up some baby oil. Tara helped me take my shirt off and I lay down on the bed. The only light in the room was a soft red one, which, combined with the margaritas, made me feel warm, content, and sexy. The girls lay down on either side of me and poured warm oil all over my back. Their

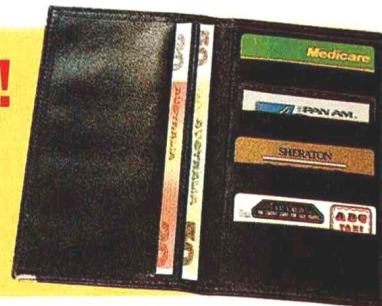


Only Black Label lets you see things from an UNRESTRICTED angle!

The UNRESTRICTED Australian Penthouse Black Label Edition goes a lot further than the newsstand edition. As a subscriber, you'll see much more of Australia's most beautiful women. In addition, there's an exclusive feature every month showing couples acting out their most intimate fantasies. But the only way you can get it is discreetly wrapped through the mail.

BONUS FREE GIFT!

Subscribe NOW and you will receive this handsome slimline executive wallet ABSOLUTELY FREE!



BLACK LABEL

EDITION

Mail this coupon to: Australian Penthouse Magazine, P.O. Box 32, Cammeray, NSW 2062

OR for credit card orders ring (02) 922 7179

YES, Please enter my subscription for Penthouse Black Label Edition at the following all-inclusive guaranteed price:

PLEASE TICK

☐ One Year (12 issues) plus FREE wallet, \$69

☐ Two Years (24 issues) plus FREE wallet, \$138

As a subscriber, please send me any Penthouse annuals that are published for a FREE examination, on the understanding that I need only purchase those that I wish to keep.

I enclose a cheque/money order for \$_____ OR

Please debit my ☐ American Express ☐ Bankcard

☐ Diners Club ☐ Mastercard ☐ Visa

Card No: _____

Expiry date: ____/____/____

Signature: _____

Name: MR/MRS/MS _____ (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

Address: _____

Postcode: _____

Telephone: (_____) _____ AREA CODE

Offer available only in Australia to persons aged 18 and over. Please allow 3 to 6 weeks for the first issue of your subscription.

PM-5/89

Call me if you can handle it

(02) 949 7733
8am - 2am 7 DAYS

Fantasy Hotline

FORUM

hands expertly kneaded my back, giving me the best massage that I'd ever had. Tara told me to turn over so that they could massage the front of my body. I complied and continued to enjoy their ministrations. Slowly Tara began to rub my hard prick with her hands, using the baby oil as a lubricant. She laughed and told me to remove my pants so that she could get a better grip on things. Megan joined in and helped me get them off.

By now Tara's hands were softly playing up and down my engorged shaft. I started to kiss Megan and thrust my hips toward Tara while she continued to jack me off. While I explored Megan's mouth with my tongue, Tara's mouth explored my thick cock. She swirled her tongue up and down my shaft, bobbing and sucking like a pro. Oddly enough, I never had such a good blowjob. Tara's mouth and hands working as one gave me feelings that were too intense. Her saliva seeped down to the base of my dick as she sucked and slurped on my tool. Tara played with my balls, too, giving me a tickling sensation that was pleasurable. This chick was hungry for cock, and her mouth was a very welcome depot for my train. I felt like exploding, but I kept myself in check, clinging to every bit of reserve that I had.

Since I didn't want to come so fast, I ma-

noeuvred the girls' legs apart and started to work on both of them at once. As I began to finger Megan and Tara, they squealed in delight. Tara was the louder of the two, and she was moaning and panting. They were gyrating their hips, thrusting and bucking against my frenzied fingers. It was a strange feeling to have both of them reeling to different rhythms but heading for the same results. I turned to Megan and sucked her hard nipples. This is my favorite thing to do — and I might add, I'm good at it, too. I love to suck and play with tits — big or small, it doesn't matter. All women love to be touched and caressed in the right way, and I was trying my best not to let these two beauties down.

I could tell that I was hitting the right spot with Megan because she really began to thrash about. I brought them both off a few times and we stopped to catch our breath. Megan told me that they had both done this before, but at this point in the frolicking, they didn't know what to do next. I told them to relax and just follow their instincts. I smiled, turned to Megan, and started to explore her beautiful body. Tara watched me in total fascination and began to massage her dripping pussy. She stared wide-eyed as I went down on Megan, who was thrusting her gorgeous thighs against my waiting mouth. Tara got right behind me and started to caress my aching balls and shaft.

By now Megan was having the time of her life — orgasm after orgasm. She moaned and writhed like a wild thing and had a climax that sent her love juices right on to my lapping tongue. I turned to Tara, wanting to fuck her in the worst way, and she straddled me, lowering her moist cunt on to my fat, hard dick. This was a woman who truly enjoyed sex! She was bouncing on my cock like it was a pogo stick, making all kinds of noises. I encouraged her to let go and, boy, she really did! Although both Tara and I were having the time of our lives, Megan got bored and left the room. Oh well, I thought; I can only fuck one at a time. Meanwhile Tara was making these incredible noises, rocking me to the limit. I was surprised that I had lasted this long without getting off, and I mentioned this to Tara, who had come four or five times already.

I figured it was my turn, so without pulling out, I rolled her on her back and positioned her legs on my shoulders. This was my favorite position, and I drove my throbbing dick into her. The moans that we made were loud enough to get someone in the next apartment horny. I pumped and pounded into her wet hole repeatedly. Like a fine-tuned racer, my pistonlike dick never gave her love chamber a moment's rest. I could feel myself going deeper and deeper into her warm, velvety cunt. The orgasm that was building inside me seemed to take forever, but it was worth the wait. I rocked and shuddered — the most mass-

ive climax of my life! My dick kept twitching and jerking inside her now well-worn cunt. Finally I crashed my sweaty body on hers, and we both lay there for a while, holding on to each other, my dick still inside her quivering hole.

I told Tara that we should get dressed — it was late and I had to be on my way. When she led me to the front door, I noticed that Megan had crashed on the sofa. I guessed I would have to have her some other day, but for now Tara and I had shared a very special moment — one that I would love to repeat again. Well, we both work in the same office — who knows? — *Name and address withheld*

To a friend

Think about this: You are lying on the bed stroking yourself with the vibrator and smiling at me as I walk across the room. I stand next to the bed and watch you slip the dildo into your warm, wet pussy. As you stroke it in and out of yourself, you squeeze your breasts and tease your nipples until they are stiff and hot. I watch your hand gently working the vibrator between your widespread legs, and I stroke my cock and play with my balls. Your breathing grows deeper as you push the thing deeper into your pussy and twist it so that the little knobs at its base tease your clit. You pull it all the way out, then reach out to rub my balls with its slippery shaft. Lifting your head off the bed, you take my cock into your wet mouth and begin to suck. I take the dildo and push it slowly into your sweet hairy pussy. While you suck me, I remove the dildo from your pretty hole and tease your nipples with it. Then you take it back and rub yourself with the dildo while I jack off for you. We smile at each other, and you lie between my legs and watch my cock slide through my fist. As the first shiny drop of come oozes from the tip of my cock, you lick it off. Then you lie in wait for the next one. As the pre-come appears and runs down the shaft of my cock, I catch it with my finger and use it to rub your nipple. You are on your knees on the bed, stroking your aroused sex. You lean over me so I can suck your wet breast. While I suck your nipple I also caress myself, and you watch me masturbate. You tell me to lick your clit, and as you play with your tits I tease your clit with my tongue and lick your hot pussy lips. I can lick deep inside you, and you raise your hips higher to meet my expert mouth. I want to fuck you. I reposition myself and press my cockhead to open your hole. You buck your hips as I thrust my cock into your body. I ram my pubes into your sensitive clit and we explode. Gob after gob of my warm, white come jets deep into your pussy. Your pussy muscles squeeze in rhythm with my cock's spasms. You look at me and smile, your eyes telling me that we've both been to a place where no-one could ever find us. — *Name and address withheld*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

KICK UP YOUR HEELS WITH THE GIRLS OUT WEST.



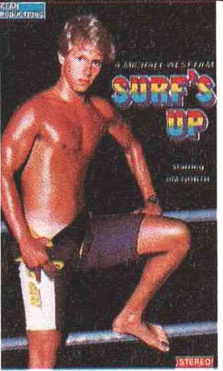
HOMEBUSH GOLDEN GIRLS
(02) 763 1900
(02) 76 7372

91 Wentworth Rd.,
Homebush
YAHOO!

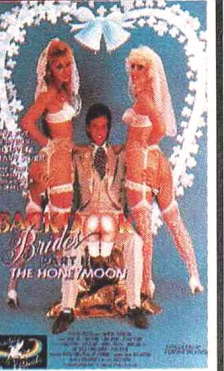
LEISUREMAIL — We have SOMETHING for everybody!



3850 BI AND BEYOND (79 mins) \$49.95



9420 SURF'S UP (81 mins) \$49.95



6826 BACK DOOR BRIDES PT. 2 (87 mins) \$49.95



6819 SCENT OF SAMANTHA (73 mins) \$49.95



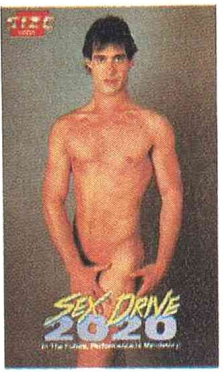
6839 SAMANTHA, I LOVE YOU (75 mins) \$49.95



6834 A GIRL NAMED SAM (70 mins) \$49.95



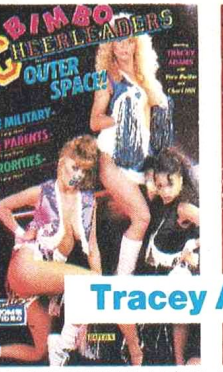
6828 BI AND BEYOND PT. 2 (73 mins) \$49.95



9409 SEX DRIVE 2020 (89 mins) \$49.95



6827 B'DOOR TO HOLLYWOOD PT. 4 (82 mins) \$49.95



6848 BIMBO CHEERLEADERS (82 mins) \$49.95



6835 HARD CORE CAFE (72 mins) \$49.95



6838 TWENTY SOMETHING (79 mins) \$49.95



3760 SWITCH HITTERS (85 mins) \$49.95



9419 IN THE RAW (70 mins) \$49.95



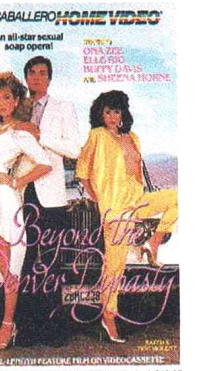
8238 DOUBLE PENETRATIONS 4 (58 mins) \$49.95



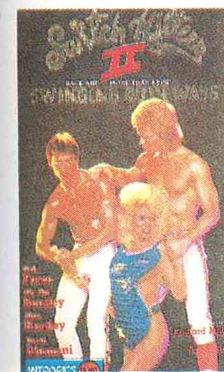
6837 SO DEEP, SO GOOD (85 mins) \$49.95



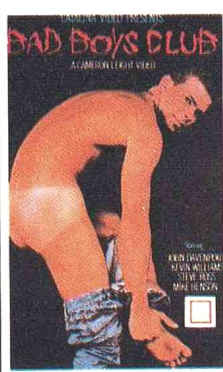
6823 DEEP DESIRES (78 mins) \$49.95



6844 B'YOND DENVER DYNASTY (116 mins) \$49.95



3778 SWITCH HITTERS II (86 mins) \$49.95



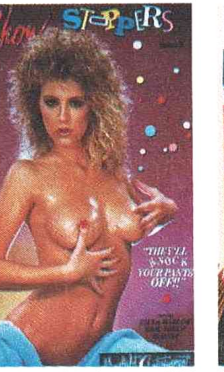
9423 BAD BOYS CLUB (78 mins) \$49.95



6814 AMAZING TAILS 2 (79 mins) \$49.95



6807 FROM KASCHA WITH LOVE (77 mins) \$49.95



6842 SHOW STOPPERS (74 mins) \$49.95



6832 CROCODILE BLONDEE 2 (83 mins) \$49.95

\$49.95 EACH ANY 3 FOR \$129 ANY 5 FOR \$199

LEISUREMAIL CONFIDENTIAL ORDER FORM

☐ 3850 BI AND BEYOND \$49.95
 ☐ 9420 SURF'S UP \$49.95
 ☐ 6827 B'DOOR TO HOLLYWOOD PT. 1 \$49.95
 ☐ 6834 A GIRL NAMED SAM \$49.95
 ☐ 6823 DEEP DESIRES \$49.95
☐ 6828 BI AND BEYOND PT. 2 \$49.95
 ☐ 9409 SEX DRIVE 2020 \$49.95
 ☐ 8238 DOUBLE PENETRATIONS 4 \$49.95
 ☐ 6848 BIMBO CHEERLEADERS \$49.95
 ☐ 6844 B'YOND DENVER DYNASTY \$49.95
☐ 3760 SWITCH HITTERS \$49.95
 ☐ 9419 IN THE RAW \$49.95
 ☐ 6814 AMAZING TAILS 2 \$49.95
 ☐ 6835 HARD CORE CAFE \$49.95
 ☐ 6807 FROM KASCHA WITH LOVE \$49.95
☐ 3778 SWITCH HITTERS II \$49.95
 ☐ 9423 BAD BOYS CLUB \$49.95
 ☐ 6819 SCENT OF SAMANTHA \$49.95
 ☐ 6838 TWENTY SOMETHING \$49.95
 ☐ 6842 SHOW STOPPERS \$49.95
☐ 6831 SWITCH HITTERS III \$49.95
 ☐ 6826 B'DOOR BRIDES PT. 2 \$49.95
 ☐ 6839 SAMANTHA, I LOVE YOU \$49.95
 ☐ 6837 SO DEEP, SO GOOD \$49.95
 ☐ 6832 CROC BLONDEE 2 \$49.95

POSTAGE: \$6.00 ANY SINGLE \$8.00 MORE THAN ONE

IMPORTANT: VIDEO FORMAT ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

NAME _____ PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS _____

Please mail to: **LEISUREMAIL**
FREEPOST No. 188
G.P.O. Box 13 CANBERRA A.C.T. 2601
(no postage stamp required)

P/CODE
Orders may also be placed on
(008) 026162 TOLL FREE or
FAXED to 062 806017
ENQUIRIES: (062) 807044

Please make Cheques/Money Orders payable to **LEISUREMAIL**

Payment by: ☐ Cheque ☐ M/O ☐ COD Express ☐ B/C ☐ Visa ☐ M/Card

I declare by my signature that I am over the age of 18

Signature _____

ALL ORDERS MUST BE SIGNED!

(008) line is manned 7 days a week from 9am until 9pm (at least)

Please note that staff servicing the 008 line do not have access to records, and are therefore unable to service enquiries regarding despatch etc.

P/BE

FREE CATALOGUE — RING TOLL FREE (008) 026162 LEISUREMAIL QUALITY IS GUARANTEED



encounter SESSIONS

Natalie has an almost constant companion in her life but that doesn't prevent her indulgence in a few extra-curricular flings of the hot and sweaty kind. "I find it exciting to be with other men sometimes, so I go ahead and do it. Everyone's talking themselves out of affairs these days when they're still just as therapeutic as ever..."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER





"My boyfriend likes to know most of the things I get up to, but then he's not always giving everything away to me either. This way we manage to keep the heat going between us."





The Pirelli Calendar Album celebrates twenty-five years of the world's most famous glamour calendar. It was begged for by the Beatles, welcomed by Buckingham Palace and the House of Commons became a collector's piece being sold at Christie's. A humble trade giveaway became a cult status symbol that the Vatican tried to ban. Now an even more exotic collector's piece is on offer to *Penthouse* readers — the Pirelli Calendar Album itself.

It contains over four hundred colour illustrations of beautiful girls in some of the world's most exotic locations. With the pictures are the fascinating stories behind them from the photographers, and the girls who posed for them.

It's much more than an erotic collection of beautiful girls — it's a record of an era. To own or give as a gift it is remarkable

value at only \$40.00 plus \$5.00 P&H for Australia and \$12.05 for New Zealand. Please allow 14 days for delivery and make cheques payable to P.H. Editorial Services Pty Ltd.

Please fill in the form below and send it with your remittance to Cynthia Ragga, P.H. Editorial Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062.

Please send me ☐ **Pirelli Calendar Album/s**
 Please add \$5.00 for Postage and Handling within Australia
 Please add \$12.05 for Postage and Handling for New Zealand
 I enclose by cheque ☐ Money Order ☐ Credit Card Details \$45.00 incl. P&H
 for delivery within Australia and \$52.05 for New Zealand.

Name: Phone

Address:

Postcode

☐ American Express ☐ Visa
☐ Bankcard ☐ Mastercard
☐ Diners Club

Signature: Expiry Date:

Continued from page 114

Penthouse: It's been said that you were a brash young man. As your achievements have grown your ego seems to have diminished. Is that a fair assessment?

Lewis: Yeah. I had a good lot of mates. I mean, there was one time when I must have got a bit carried away with myself and a few of my mates said: "Listen, you're getting a bit of a big head on you. Come back down to Earth." That helped a lot.

Penthouse: What's it like for you to go out on the town in Brisbane? Is there a strong likelihood you'll be harassed by someone?

Lewis: There's always smart-arses who'll have a go at you. I tend to expect that a little bit more in Sydney and it doesn't upset me, but in your home town . . . A bloke was putting shit on me one night and he just kept on going and going, and I cracked and grabbed him by the throat and slammed his head into the wall. He said: "I never said anything — *he* said it." That annoys me. If a bloke tells me I'm a big-headed prick to my face — fair enough. It's the ones who hide, who say things behind your back — I can't cop that at all.

Penthouse: Do you think you'd have copped as much of this if your name had been John Lewis?

Lewis: Hah! I said to my Mum and Dad one day: "Was I unplanned or something? Why was I called Wally?" If I'd had a choice in the matter, I suppose I'd have preferred some other name.

Penthouse: If you could change one thing that happened in your life, what would it be?

Lewis: I'd wish for greater acceptance. That's all. Better acceptance from the public in Sydney, because I'm no different to anyone else.

Penthouse: You seem to have been in some ways the victim of a unique conjunction of forces: State of Origin and your role in it; the fact that Queensland was beating NSW; the media attention, the awards and the hype; even your name . . . Do you ever wonder how you could have changed the situation, what you could have done to make it different?

Lewis: Oh, sometimes. The end result's always the same, I guess. I'm happy with it and I wouldn't change anything if I could have it all over again, except for maybe the acceptance thing — but then again, the non-acceptance has worked in my favor quite a bit too.

Penthouse: Do you ever daydream about doing something extraordinary, like rafting the Amazon or climbing Everest?

Lewis: I've always wanted to go up in a hang-glider and take a parachute jump. I was very close to parachuting one time but just never got the time to do it.

Penthouse: You reckon you could take that one step?

Lewis: Oh, yeah. I'd love it. I'd probably need a kick up the arse to get out of the plane, but that would be the ultimate buzz — free-falling for a while, wondering whether your chute was going to open. I reckon you'd just about have an orgasm in mid-air when the chute opened.

Penthouse: I think Wally Lewis' chute would always open. Who do you most admire in the world, apart from the Phantom?

Lewis: John McEnroe, for his intense will to win. People say he's not a sportsman — well, to me he is a sportsman because he hates losing. When footballers get frustrated they belt somebody; he's not doing anything too bad. I used to like Ian Chappell as a cricketer, because he was a little bit different from the ordinary as well — he had that bit of larrikin in him. He used to not think anything of dropping his pants in the middle of the cricket field.

People still think I'm a lunatic. I'm the bus driver for the State of Origin team and I drive like a madman.

Penthouse: Are you still a bit of a larrikin, a bit of a hell-raiser?

Lewis: Yeah, I guess so. People still think I'm a lunatic. I'm the bus driver for the State of Origin team and I drive like a madman. Wayne Bennett won't get in the bus with me — not because he's scared, but because he's an ex-copper and he believes if he gets in the bus he'd be agreeing with me breaking laws when I'm driving, and he just won't do that.

Penthouse: Who else do you admire?

Lewis: John Farnham, because he's had a hell of a lot of knockers in his life. He made a couple of big steps on his way to a comeback and has finished on top of the tree. He's just kept going — all the way to the top. And Charles Bronson, just because he's such a fucking cool bloke. I had a video of *Streetfighter* and I reckon I must have watched it 40 or 50 times at least. The pressure never got to him in any situation. I used to piss myself laughing at one particular scene when this bloke says to him: "You're a bit old for this, aren't you?"

Pop?" And he just lifts one eyebrow, as if to say: "Mmm . . . Maybe." He's just so collected in his thoughts.

Penthouse: Obviously the people you admire most are the ones you feel have got something to teach you — about coolness under pressure, about coping with knockers . . . Those things are pretty much what it's all about for you, aren't they?

Lewis: I don't tend to look at what inspires me in that way — but maybe that's right.

Penthouse: Who are the people you loathe?

Lewis: There's not a lot on that list. I hate the typical Australian knocker. Being involved in sport, I know what it's like to fail and have people not understand just how much effort you're putting in.

Penthouse: What question do you wish you'd been asked?

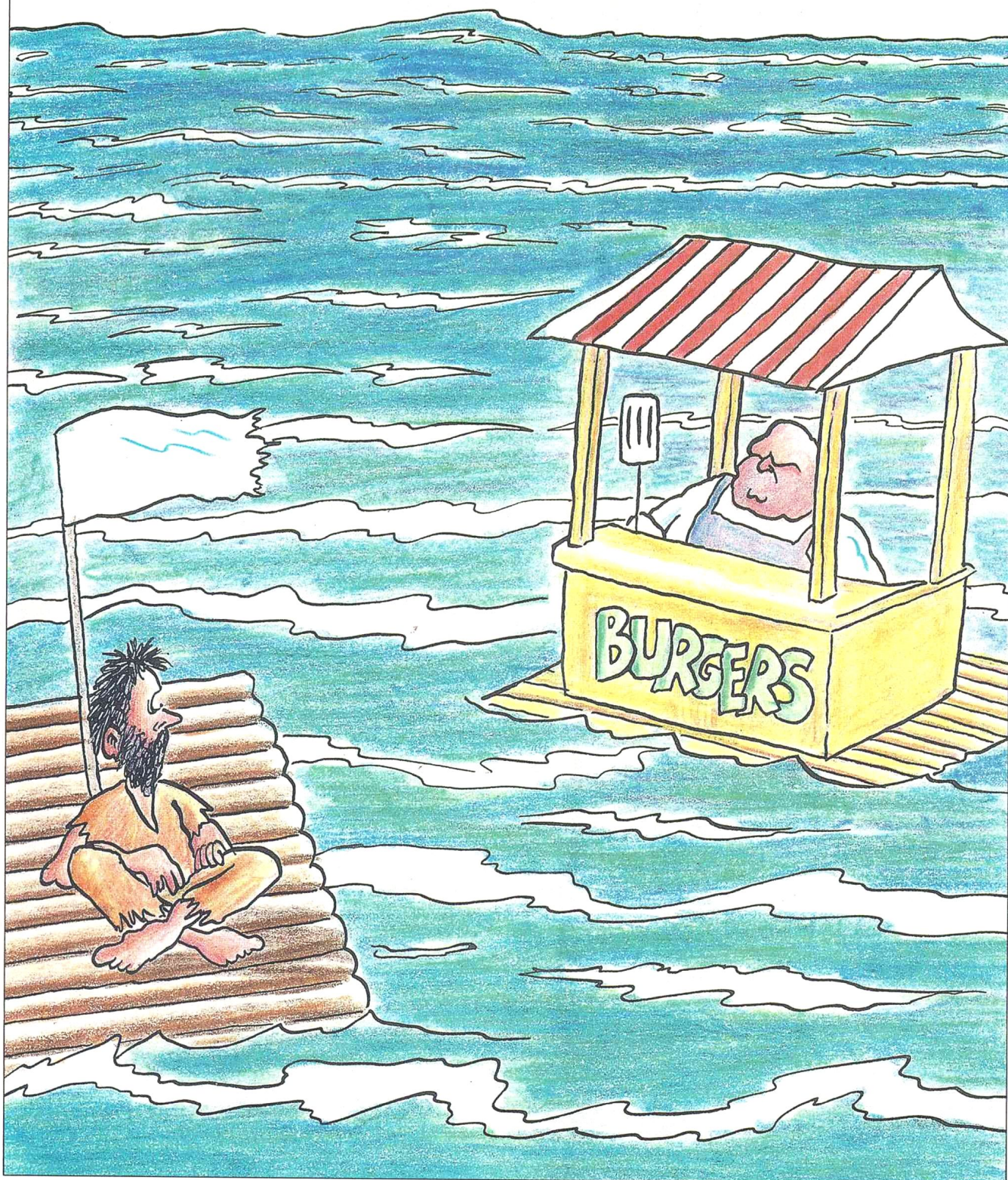
Lewis: Well, you asked about the future as far as employment goes. But what I want to do with the rest of my life is give my kids the same opportunities my folks gave me. I'm going to let my kids play footy . . . You asked what people I loathe. It's people who decide what their kids are going to do, and that's it. They scream at their kids from the sideline, bag them if they lose — it's not important if you win or lose at the age of seven. Once you're old enough to decide whether you want to keep playing that particular game, then it becomes important. I just want to give them the opportunity to make up their own minds what they want to do in life, and if they don't even want to play any sport, okay.

Penthouse: Can you think of a funny football story that won't get you into trouble?

Lewis: When I was playing Union at State High we had a real speedster on the wing, and one day this guy just didn't feel like running for some reason. We'd throw the ball out along the backline and he wouldn't be there; they'd kick the ball behind him and he wouldn't run back and get it. People kept saying, "What's wrong with you, Tom? You done your hamstring?" He just kept sort of shaking his head. It looked like he'd done a hammie because he was walking funny. Eventually this bloke got the ball and ran at him and pushed him backwards, and he sort of went straight down and said: "Aaah, fuck!" I said, "Are you all right?" and he said: "I've got to go off." Then he told me what was wrong. About 15 minutes earlier he was standing on the wing, doing nothing, and he went to fart and shit himself instead. So when this guy pushed him over, it spread right through his grundies . . . Of course, in Union you weren't allowed to go off unless you had an injury. I told the ref he had to go off, and the ref said: "He has got an injury?" Tom just turned around and pulled his strides down and showed him. And then the ref said: "Get out of here, you dirty bastard!" It went from being a real serious game to the point where you had blokes from both sides pissing themselves laughing . . .

Penthouse: He's probably just gotten over it by now. Let's hope he doesn't read *Penthouse*. 

CORNWALL



SOUNDS

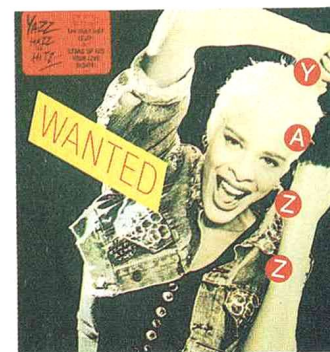
Producer Hal Willner has previously given us records of a galaxy of diverse performers reinterpreting the music of film scorer Nina Rota, jazzier Thelonius Monk, and Brecht colleague Kurt Weill. Before his next "serious" album, concerning the works of Charles Mingus, he has diverted his efforts into the compositions by the many composers who made much of Walt Disney's best works. *Stay Awake* (A&M) often features more left-of-centre performers, though **Ringo Starr** and **Herb Alpert** hardly create sparks on "When

jazz trumpet of "Got To Share." "Fine Time" is the inevitable ballad but even that is done with enough cool verve to keep it interesting. Far from being eight more rehashes of her bouncy single "The Only Way Is Up", the album, while staying true to its main groove, glances up enough stylistic alleys to maintain interest.

Explaining himself as the Steven Spielberg of fab dance tracks, *Jellybean Rocks The House* (Chrysalis) with a specially priced double dose of his own tracks in 12-inch mix format. **John "Jellybean" Benitez** first tasted chart success as producer with Madonna's "Holiday." The success of that and other tracks has had countless artists trying to secure his services to turn their tunes into dance floor musts. His few releases under his own banner use whatever singer he feels is appropriate for the song, often fitting the rhythms around a good vocal performance from his chosen mouthpiece. All the songs bubble and squeak with percussion, irresistible bass grooves and melodies treated so their mothers would hardly recognise them.

I'm Talking have risen from the dead with a similar ploy. *Dancing (Regular)* is extended mixes of all their old hits. The result is a stylish, thrusting funk package that they never really fully realised on album and certainly never quite captured live. Whatever machinery producers Fred Maher (Scritti Politti), Ross Cockle and the hit factory of Stock, Aitken and Waterman employed on their various tracks, it works. None of the tracks ever wimps out.

Elsewhere the hit factory of Stock, Aitken and Waterman turned their highly successful though reassuringly predictable attentions to **Mandy** (Liberation) — supposedly more of "the sound of a bright young Britain."



OFF TO WORK THEY GO

Clockwise from far left: Disney faves reworked on Stay Awake; Cool verve from Yazz; "Jellybean" Benitez produces the goods; I'm Talking back from the dead.



You Wish Upon A Star." Often the artists only had one chorus or verse to go on and some tracks are too brief. Highlights to these ears are **Tom Waits** investing "Heigh Ho (The Dwarfs' Marching Song)" with some of his gruff junkyard psychodrama; deep south swamp funksters **Aaron Neville** and **Dr John** crooning their way through the "Mickey Mouse Club Theme"; and **Yma Sumac** (a real catch for Willner) who years ago was responsible for some of the highest trills in the history of recorded popular music in her guise as a pretend Incan princess. Anyone weaned on Disney magic will find some favorite moments here.

English close-cropped blonde bombshell **Yazz** may well be what the current generation of club boppers *Wanted* (CBS) as the next passing thing. An accomplished singer and writer, she mines the current House sounds and grooves before they implode in the bleary morning-after phase-out. Other elements are allowed to enter and color her world like the electro-samba with

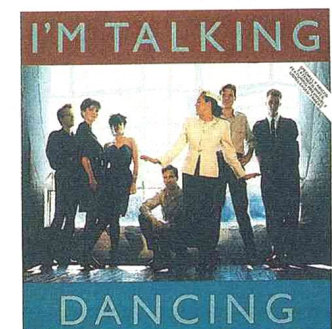
These master knob twiddlers have already done wonders with some of our own bright youth — namely **Kylie**. Mandy is all gosh shucks blonde hair and bubbly tunes that make Bananarama sound like Joy Division.

World Music (ie sounds not primarily housed in Western Europe and America) is a fine concept even in its most superficial form of window dressing to tired Western pop formats. Israeli singer **Ofra Haza** (whose wailings heralded in last year's "Pump Up The Volume") is, however, in a fairly Eurovision Song Contest mode for *Shaday* (WEA).

If you saw **Pink Floyd** last year and couldn't remember what you heard due to the mandatory chemical imbalance for maximum wow response, then the band offer a reminder on their *Delicate Sound Of Thunder* (CBS). This disc will also be useful for reunions of tour personnel. If you don't fit either category then the verdict is tedious in the extreme.

A double-live set that relies on the power of the music without having to second guess the laser light show is **Jimmy Barnes' Barnestorming** (Mushroom), some of the relentless thrash you may have thrilled to at last summer's tour of the same name.

Brisbane via Sydney band **Ups And Downs**, *Underneath The Watchful Eye* (Mushroom) of producer Mark Wallis (U2, Talking Heads), mix their live pounding jangle with quieter moments. — **Jeremy Cook**



If you don't think they cost enough to be this good, we'll happily put the price up.

More nonsense is talked about hi-fi speakers than any other subject except politics. The simple fact is speakers don't have to be very expensive to be good.

The key to creating first class hi-fi speakers is intelligent and thoughtful design. And a superb ear for what faithfully reproduces music. Traditionally the Scandinavians have excelled in these rare skills.

Now from Denmark comes a new brand of High Fidelity speaker of exceptional quality. Called Prodex, they have been created by a talented team of designers, who after years of producing for other people have now launched their own range.



prodex
Loudspeakers



There's a choice of four systems from a compact and versatile 70 watt unit upto an imposing 200 watt speaker that will satisfy the demands of the most fastidious enthusiast.

With woodgrain finish and pleasing to the eye attention to detail, Prodex Speakers represent the best in Scandinavian design. Guaranteed for a full five years, they're supplied complete with speaker cables.

So what do they cost? From just \$299 per pair to \$799. But if that seems somewhat modest

for their quality, we'll happily raise the prices.

Prodex Loudspeakers
from
Concept Audio

Concept Audio Pty. Ltd.
17-98 Old Pitwatter Road Brookvale,
NSW 2100. Tel: (02) 938 3700
Fax: (02) 938 3836

READER ADVISORY SERVICE No. 0790 VHS CA 500

British director Alan Parker (*Midnight Express*, *Birdie*) scores large with his latest effort *Mississippi Burning*. Large enough to bring home the bacon at this year's Hollywood gongfest. A Best Picture award is but a prediction at the time of writing (pre-nomination late January) but if this one misses out on the Big One, there is surely something even rottener than we've always suspected in the state of American film politics.

Based on the notorious Klan murder of three young civil rights workers in Mississippi in 1964, the film takes a fictional lunge at recreating the federal investigation (the FBI files on which are still closed) that drew America's attention to the dirty laundry on display in their southern states. Far from being a glib "look how far we've come" apologia for white racial bigotry, *Mississippi Burning* is non-stop powerhouse cinema. Some overt preachiness aside (most of it assigned to Willem Dafoe as the Northern college-educated FBI agent heading the case), the film is by turns joltingly violent, intriguing and quietly sensitive — the last courtesy in the main to the performances of Gene Hackman as a pragmatic, ass-kicking Southern fed and Frances McDormand as the wife of a Klan-affiliated deputy sheriff.

Speaking of Academy Awards, Dustin Hoffman may well have had a view to another Ossie when he took the role of autistic savant Raymond Babbitt in director Barry Levinson's *Rain Man*. Alongside Tom Cruise as his slick and sleazy sportscar salesman brother Charlie, Hoffman shambles and yabbers through this likeable though predictable film.

At the film's opening, smooth-talking wheeler-dealer Charlie is unaware of the existence of his 20-years-older brother. The death of their father and his three million dollar legacy to the autistic son has Charlie meeting and springing Raymond from his institution home in a bid to corner some of the cash. The journey the pair make across the States results in — you guessed it — ac-

ceptance, understanding and love between the brothers. Good performances from both Cruise and Hoffman.

Working Girl, directed by Mike Nichols and featuring Melanie Griffith, Harrison Ford and Sigourney Weaver, is a brisk farcical romantic comedy reminiscent of snappy Forties filmmaking. Griffith stars as Tess Gill, a smart and sexy Wall Street secretary whose Bronx accent and lack of sophistication preclude her from advancement beyond the secretarial pool. Sigourney Weaver is her elegant, bitchy boss who, on the pretense of encouraging Gill, claims her employee's best ideas as her own. Harrison Ford is the hunk they both hanker after. When a skiing accident bumps Weaver temporarily from the scene, the stage is set for Griffith to assume the boss's identity (and, unwittingly, her lover), engage in some fancy financial footwork, show Weaver up as the so-and-so she is and achieve bliss as a broker in her own right. Written by Kevin Wade, *Working Girl* is light, lively and likeable.

The *derrieres* of French film noir fans have a date with a cinema seat for a showing of director Edouard Niermans' *Angel Dust*, starring Bernard Giraudeau and Fanny Bastien. This stylish detective thriller glides and wends through a surreal Parisian netherworld rendered grey and weary as seen through gritty up-all-night eyes. Splashes of blood and black whimsy mark the trail through this satisfying maze of intrigue. Fab Frog flick. 'Nuff said.

For sheer dumb fun *Assault On The Killer Bimbos* is a winner — perfectly manicured hands down. This low-budget, low-brow and low-cut romp follows the dizzy fortunes of a pair of go-go dancers on the run from the law after being framed for the murder of their oily employer. Laming out towards the Mexican border in a convertible (all the better to work on the tan, sweetie) the pair meet and kidnap a cute truckstop waitress, liberating her from her life of mindless drudgery and in-

FILM MISSISSIPPI SIZZLES



Top two: Scenes from director Alan Parker's sizzling Klan-bake *Mississippi Burning*. Bottom: Giraudeau and Bastien in *Angel Dust*.



ducting her into their own mindless adventure. And a thrilling, shrilling adventure it is as our gutsy gals stiletto-pick their way through the ever-present dangers of unwanted amorous overtures, broken fingernails and, of course, the squeal-inducing possibility of being picked up by the fuzz. Production standards reminiscent of a bad porn movie and a script that veers between the horrible and the hilarious combine to push this sassy exploitation flick into the cult category. Certainly not the stuff of a Mensa film night. No further recommendation required. — C.J. Mackay





CLEVER CAMERA

Minolta's new Dynax 7000i is the first camera to come complete with its own computer software. Unique "Creative Expansion Cards" enable the photographer to reprogram the camera for special applications including portrait, action, close-up and special effect photography. Winner of the 1988/89 European Camera Of The Year Award, the Dynax 7000i sells for around \$1300 at leading camera shops.

OLDE WORLDE

The tourist invasion of Australia over the past few years has seen the rise of not only large cloud-scraping international hotels but also of small, intimate accommodations similar to the bed and breakfast country estates of Britain and the elegant hideaway pensiones of Europe. One such "boutique" hotel is the Sydney Pensione, a century-old townhouse nestled in a quiet street not too far off the main drag in avant-garde Newtown, less than 10 minutes from the city centre. The Pensione's 14 rooms are named, not numbered and each is decorated individually in authentic Victorian style, while still offering guests the modern convenience of ISD phone and color TV. Like its European counterparts, this hotel also boasts a cosy restaurant, gentleman's club style drawing room and even a courtesy bus for airport pick-up. For more information phone the Sydney Pensione on (02) 550 1700.



STRANGE APPARATUS

This bizarre, sci-fi styled configuration is in fact an EXO-26 Full Face Mask, the latest in leading edge gear for the professional diver.

Designed for use with either Scuba or tethered diving systems, the EXO-26 is remarkably lightweight compared to previously available commercial divers' masks and is easy to maintain. With inbuilt communications system the mask sells for \$1400. Supplied to Penthouse by Pro-Dive of Coogee in Sydney.



SUPER SYSTEM

The Bang & Olufsen 5500 is the latest in state of the art sound and design from this celebrated European house of hi-fi. To provide the owner with a totally new way of listening to music the 5500 integrates with the revolutionary Beolink system to extend music into any or every room in the house. Using the 5500 with Beolink you can choose to assemble your CD, cassette deck, amplifier and turntable all in the one room, or station separate components throughout the house where all can be operated from one central cordless Master Control Panel. For information on a showroom near you contact Bang & Olufsen on (03) 882 1256.

SOUND TO GO

The Sony XRS-77 is an all-in-one packaged car stereo system designed for the purchaser who is looking for good quality sound at a budget price. Including radio cassette, speakers, wiring and all the necessary installation components, the \$400 system is ergonomically designed with rounded push buttons, and functional lay-out makes it easy to operate while driving. The AM/FM radio cassette has 18-station pre-set, autoreverse, and separate bass and treble controls. Designed to fit most car fascia panels.



LOOSE ENDS

WARM TO WINTER WITH GORDON'S GIN

With winter around the corner, it's time to find ways to ease the chill and while away the hours spent indoors. To this end, *Penthouse* readers have the chance to win one of five Winter Warm-Up collections valued at approximately \$120 — comprising a superbly crafted Bridge set encased in a gold-stamped black leather folder, a 750ml stainless steel cocktail shaker and a handy drinks tray. It's all with the compliments of Gordon's Gin.

All you must do to be eligible is send in your own idea for a winter warm-up cocktail using Gordon's Gin. To tantalise your tastebuds and stimulate your imagination, here are a few variations on James Bond's favorite drink, the Martini — stirred, not shaken. Using a cocktail shaker, add 45ml of Gordon's Gin and 20ml of

Dry Vermouth. Stir gently. If you prefer a smooth taste, add a twist of lemon; if you prefer a little more bite, add an olive instead. Or for something a bit more daring, try the Gibson. This one's drier (60ml of Gordon's Gin to 10ml of Vermouth) and is garnished with a cocktail onion. Or try this mix with a radish and it becomes a Radini.

Put your drinking caps on to come up with your own Gordon's Gin cocktail and send it to Gordon's Winter Warm-Up, Loose Ends, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. Tell us the name of the berries featured on the Gordon's Gin label (they're used to flavor the Gin after distilling) and the inventors of the five cocktails we select (with the correct answer) will win this great collection. Entries close Friday, June 2.



BUILT FOR TWO

The Clamont professional tandem bicycle features a frame built here in Australia to buyers' specifications using high quality British tubing specifically designed for tandems. Note the oversized tube on the bottom of the frame for extra strength and the diagonal tubes for reinforcement. Components are chosen for strength — 48-spoke wheels, extremely low-geared transmission, extra brake power including disc-brakes — and each bike is crafted to suit each of the rider's individual requirements. For more information and orders, contact the Clarence St Cyclery in Sydney, phone (02) 29 4962.



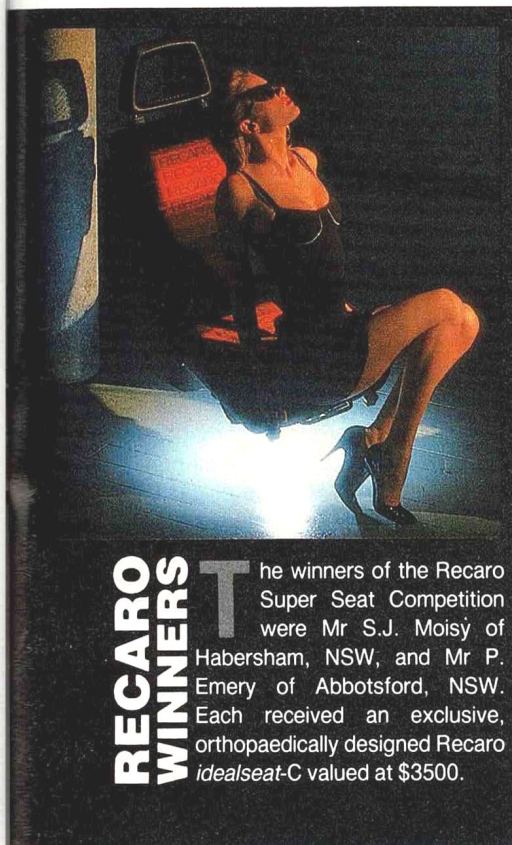
BIG GAME HUNTING

All experienced anglers know that game fish are attracted to schools of bait. The surface disturbance caused by frenzied feeding draws the big predators like a magnet. Now you can recreate the same sights and sounds that attract tuna, marlin, kingfish and dolphin on the run with an Australian made Fish Attracting Device (FAD) known as the Fish Magnet. The world's only portable and active FAD, the Fish Magnet is receiving rave reviews here and in the US. Game fishing model sells for \$450 through BAS Trading, 4/54 Chegwyn St, Botany NSW, (02) 666 5310. Estuary and freshwater versions available soon.



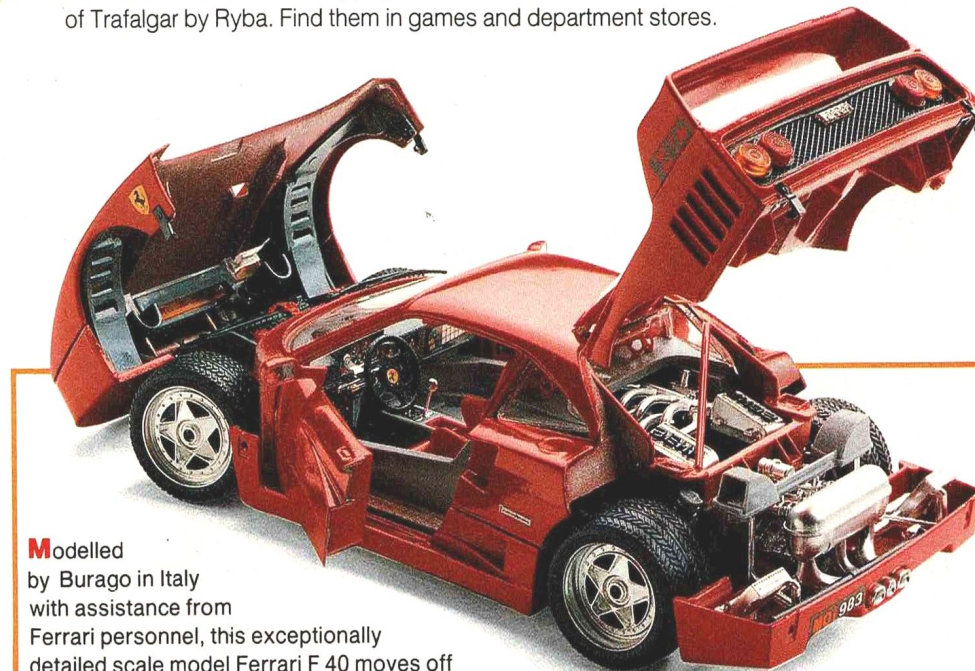
THE FULL PICTURE

Perhaps they're not the ultimate indoor game, but a jigsaw must rate up there in the top five. Imbuing these torturous pastimes with a much-needed sense of fun is the Heye range. After all, it's nice to actually enjoy the picture you make after all that effort. The Heye range features some of the latest works of some of Europe's finest illustrators such as Loup, Ryba and Mordillo. The example here is 4000 pieces of Trafalgar by Ryba. Find them in games and department stores.



RECARO WINNERS

The winners of the Recaro Super Seat Competition were Mr S.J. Moisy of Habersham, NSW, and Mr P. Emery of Abbotsford, NSW. Each received an exclusive, orthopaedically designed Recaro idealseat-C valued at \$3500.



Modelled by Burago in Italy with assistance from Ferrari personnel, this exceptionally detailed scale model Ferrari F 40 moves off the shelves faster than the real thing whenever shipments arrive from Europe. It's diecast metal, with plastic used only in seats and trim items and it's made on a scale of 1:18. Its big daddy prototype would set you back a few hundred grand — this baby F 40 is a steal for \$40 at Collectors' Paradise, 233 Military Rd, Cremorne, NSW. Phone: (02) 909 1788.

FERRARI BAMBINO

LUXURY

Continued from page 111

showcasing its technical powers. The Japanese know how to build brilliant engines. Salivate over, if you will, these specifications: aluminium 4.5-litre 32-valve quad-cam V8 with electronic sequential multi-point injections and variable intake valve timing. Power output? In excess of 270 neddies. Top speed of 230 km/h is sufficient to handle all but the quickest Bee Ems and Benzes.

The Infiniti four-door model, code-named Q45, is a generously-sized conveyance — longer in the wheelbase by 25 mm than the biggest BMW, the 750iL, and only a gnat's dick shy of the massive S-class Merc limo. It too slides through the air with the greatest of ease, with a commendable drag figure of 0.31.

Anti-lock braking and fully-independent suspension are part of the impressive techo package, which can be complemented by an optional four-wheel-steer system.

Glam and comfort items extend to electrically-adjustable seats with memory settings, hectares of leather trim and all the obligatory gear such as air, high class hi-fi, fast glass . . . As with the rival Lexus, a sophisticated four-speed auto transmission is mandatory.

Nissan would appear to be on a winner with the convertible, as it's unlikely that rival flip tops from Toyota and Honda will emerge.

Australia is on the waiting list for the Lexus and Infiniti, though no-one can say when they might arrive. The voluminous American market will take precedence and production of right-hand drive versions is currently on the backburner.

But the Japanese do have the production capacity and flexibility to react with remarkable speed to market demands.

Also well advanced on a concept for a deluxe model is Mitsubishi, the fourth ranked of the Japanese vehicle giants. Likely to get six-cylinder propulsion, a pre-production example of Mitsubishi's luxury car contender is destined for its first public airing at the Tokyo Motor Show late this year.

Honda, still the marque most respected and feared by the Europeans, will proffer its second-generation upmarket car later this year. Honda is more an innovator than a copyist and no-one is anticipating mediocrity from Soichiro's unrelentingly brilliant troops. Powered by a powerful 32-valve 3.6-litre V8, this redefined Honda could put a dramatic new perspective to the Japanese challenge.

Europe will respond, of course. It is already. No-one has officially declared war, but everyone can hear the shells exploding. 



Sydney's Vanessa Walton

A QUICK PEEK AT JUNE AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Gotham And Gomorrah — Has AIDS and the redevelopment of Times Square killed New York's notorious sex scene? Al Goldstein doesn't think so and he ought to know. Next month the publisher of the world's greatest sex tabloid, *Screw*, investigates the sleaziest sex circus on the planet. Take the tour in June *Australian Penthouse*.

Fitness Forum — Jeff Fenech, Wayne Pearce and Darren Mercer are three Australian athletes who've risen to the top of their respective sports by virtue of their intense motivation and dedication to physical fitness. What can they teach us about training, diet, motivation, sports psychology, and the art of being a winner? Find out in next month's *Penthouse*.

Aunt Matilda's Handy Hints — The care and maintenance of a bachelor "pad" can be as easy as falling off a pile of dirty laundry if you follow these handy household hints from a woman who wasn't born yesterday. If it's advice you want, this old dame's full of it.

Flowerchild — "People ask me if I had problems posing nude for *Penthouse*," says stunning 18-year-old Vanessa Walton. "My answer is no. When you've spent 12 years of your life on a Nimbin commune, you develop pretty open views on life." Vanessa reveals more of her views in these pages next month in a sizzling centrespread.

Margaret River Excellence.

Choose the wines that have made the Margaret River region famous.




SANDALFORD
FOUNDED IN 1840

HEAD OFFICE: Sandalford Wines Pty. Ltd. West Swan Rd, Caversham, W.A. P.O. Box 10, Guildford, 6055. Phone: (09)274 5922. Fax: (09)274 2154. AB 7999-A
EXPORT ENQ: (09)274 5922. TRADE ENQ: Caldbeck Pty. Ltd. VIC/TAS (03)543 2333, NSW/ACT (02)648 5088, W.A. (09)353 3737,
QLD (07)345 7900, S.A. (08)352 7311, N.T. (089)47 0066.

EXCELLENCE IN EXTRA MILD 25s



SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS *

Health Authority Warning

*Packaging warning required by Government regulation